

OCTOBER, 1947

MAGAZINE OF ART



THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS • WASHINGTON, D. C.

La Tausca announces its

Third Annual Art Competition

In sponsoring the 1948 La Tausca Art Competition, The Heller Deltah Company, Inc., is not unmindful of the wide acclaim its 1946 and 1947 events won throughout the art world. So much so that as in 1947, the 1948 competition will be a contest for artists by artists, the objective being to stimulate the best expression of American art without restriction as to subject or treatment.

1948 LA TAUSCA ART COMPETITION

invitation jury

The following artists and museum directors will serve as the Invitation Jury:

GUY PENE DU BOIS
ADOLF DEHN
ROBERT GWATHMEY
KARL KNATHS

YASUO KUNIYOSHI
LOREN MACIVER
WALDO PEIRCE
EVERETT SPRUCE

DONALD J. BEAR (Santa Barbara Museum of Art)
DANIEL DEFENBACHER (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis)
MRS. JULIANA FORCE (Whitney Museum of American Art)

Each member of the Invitation Jury will nominate the artists to participate in the Competition. Members of the Invitation Jury will, of course, be eligible to enter their works in the Competition.

award jury

After the entries have been received, a list of artists and directors, including all members of the Invitation Jury, will be sent to each competing artist who will in turn vote and select a jury of 5 to judge the prize-winning paintings. No member of the Invitation Jury will be eligible for the Award Jury if he or she enters the Art Competition.

prizes

The first three prizes, amounting to \$6,000., will be purchase prizes, and the paintings will become the property of the Heller Deltah Company, Inc. The fourth and fifth prize winners will receive awards, and will retain their paintings after reproductions have been made and the paintings have been exhibited according to schedule.

The prizes will be awarded as follows:

first prize	\$3,000.
second prize	2,000.
third prize	1,000.
fourth prize	500.
fifth prize	250.

The total amount of the prizes is \$6,750.

rental fee

The 1948 La Tausca Art Competition will present \$100. to every artist whose work is entered in the Competition, as a rental fee for the exhibition of his painting for one year. The five prize-winning artists, however, will not be eligible for this fee, nor will those whose paintings are sold during the contest exhibition, or whose paintings are not owned by the artist but merely loaned for competition purposes.

date of competition — entry blanks

The entry blank declaring intention to enter the Competition must be signed and mailed to The Heller Deltah Company immediately, but in no case later than November 1, 1947. Final date for submission of paintings will be December 10, 1947. Only one painting by each artist may be submitted.

exhibition

During 1948, the exhibit of paintings will tour the country in outstanding museums. A catalogue containing printed reproductions of the winning paintings will be furnished with each exhibit.

reproduction

Reproduction rights for advertising and display of the five prize-winning paintings will be held by the sponsor. Reproduction rights for the other paintings submitted in the Competition will be worked out through individual negotiation with the artist.

size

Paintings not including frame, must not exceed 40 inches in length or width, nor be less than 12 inches in length or width. All paintings must be framed, but no glass will be accepted.

shipping charges

Round-trip transportation charges on paintings sent to New York City for entry in the Competition, will be borne by The Heller Deltah Company.

THE HELLER DELTAH COMPANY, INC.

411 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

ORTHCOMING

"Clemente Orozco," by Jean Charlot, who has in the past year in Mexico making a study of mural painting renaissance.

"Cooper Union," by Elizabeth McCausland. Part of a series tracing the 100-year development of America's most unique school "for the advancement of science and art."

"Notes on My Work," by Seymour Lipton, sculptor who is also a practising dentist.

"Anthrop Chandler: An Eighteenth Century Artist-Painter," by James Thomas Flexner. An appreciation based on the exhibition of the work of this forgotten artist that was held last spring at Worcester Art Museum.

"Theories and Techniques," by Boris Margo, originator of the graphic process he calls "cello," who has also employed his principles of printing to produce our November cover.

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MAGAZINE OF ART

A National Magazine Relating the Arts to Contemporary Life

JOHN D. MORSE, *Editor*

VOLUME 40

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NUMBER 6

Head of St. John Chrysostom, Cloisonné enamel on gold plaque, Byzantine, 11th-12th century (?). Lent by Paul L. Drey to the "Early Christian and Byzantine Art" exhibition organized by the Walters Art Gallery in the Baltimore Museum of Art (See page 239) Cover

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"What did life mean in America for such a man as Washington Allston, whose work forms the first monument in the art of painting erected by the contemplative spirit upon our soil?"

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Thomas Lord, Joiner and Housewright. *By Samuel M. Green* 230
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Articles in the MAGAZINE OF ART represent many points of view. We do not expect concurrence from every quarter, not even among our contributors; we believe that writers are entitled to express opinions which differ widely. Although we do not assume responsibility for opinions expressed in any signed articles appearing in the MAGAZINE OF ART, we hold that to offer a forum in our pages is the best way to stimulate intelligent discussion and to increase active enjoyment of the arts.—EDITOR.

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Advertising Director, Arthur Morton Good



Washington Allston: THE FLIGHT OF FLORIMELL, 1821, oil, 36 x 28. Detroit Institute of Arts.



Allston: ELIJAH IN THE DESERT, 1818, oil, 50 x 70. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

THE AMERICA OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON

BY E. P. RICHARDSON

LIFE in America, from the first settlement, presented to the practical mind the most magnificent opportunity that heart could desire. A new continent was to be settled, a new world to be created, a new people to be fed and clothed and housed. But there are also those in this new world born with the contemplative faculty, whose field of activity is the life of the human spirit. For the practical minds life in America meant founding cities, creating new forms of government, conquering the wilderness, improving agriculture, founding manufactures, defending the new state from its enemies, inventing ways to improve communications over the immense distances of this continent and machines to simplify the labor of taming a wild land where the work was heavy and men were few. These are important forms of creation. But there are also men whose gift is to search for meanings and to express them in the various forms of philosophies and arts and sciences by which a people learns to understand itself. What did life mean in America for such a man as Washington Allston, whose work forms the first monument in the art of painting erected by the contemplative spirit upon our soil?

The task of painting in the United States has not been, as it was in the Middle Ages, to illustrate the traditional beliefs of the race, or to represent the ideas and stories, legendary or historical, which even in the less compact Baroque world existed

concretely in the general imagination and with which the artist lived for the most part in instinctive sympathy. The beginnings of our art coincided with the liberation, or some would say the deprivation, of the artist from all such bonds. With the coming of the nineteenth century the artist no longer owed a duty to any person or authority, to any class of subject, to any rule or tradition of art. The task of painting became in our civilization to express, in its own terms and according to its own will, the meaning of experience for the artist.

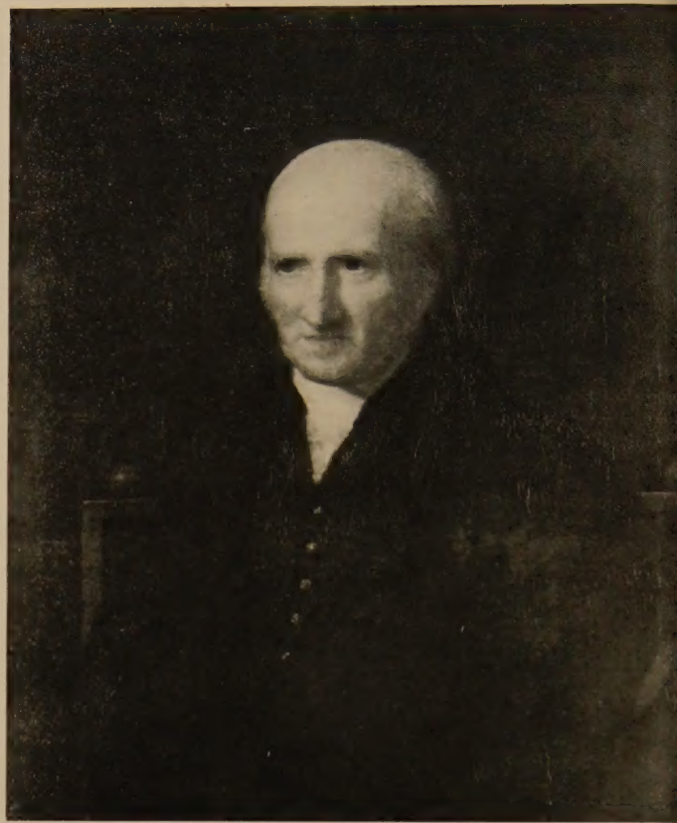
In every period of art the artist's experience has been both of his own inner consciousness and of nature (which term I use, as the painter does, to mean not only earth and the seasons but also all the world of other men outside our own consciousness). But the direction of attention, or talent, varies, and some artists are born to deal with the inner source, some to deal with nature. Without a doubt, the largest group of good painters in the United States has been those born to deal more or less objectively with nature. The desire to observe and understand this vast continent and the life we live upon it—so wide, so diverse, in part so beautiful, in part so tragic or tawdry—has produced a body of excellent painting since before Copley. But what of the meditative and reflective minds? This part of our esthetic achievement (so far as its early period is concerned) is so out of fashion that even its existence is at the present time largely ignored. Two popular and widely spread fallacies have played a part in bringing about this state of opinion. They are what I call the frontier fallacy and the geographical fallacy.

E. P. RICHARDSON, DIRECTOR OF THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS, HAS CONDENSED THIS ARTICLE FROM HIS FORTHCOMING ALLSTON BOOK.

The spectacle of the frontier has impressed itself deeply upon the imagination and the taste of this century, as the frontier itself has receded into the past. The notion of the American as a great rough frontiersman with a heart of gold always flourished well abroad. The success of figures like Chester Harding and Bret Harte in England is symptomatic of a search for the picturesque which picked out the frontier type as the only one conforming with the European romantic conception of what an American ought to be. But at the present time it flourishes equally well at home. Like most vigorous fallacies, it is actually a half truth. As Whitehead observed, the great enemy of thought is overstatement: one makes a useful generalization but overestimates its success. The recognition of the frontier as an important element in our civilization has become a tendency to explain everything by it. But the life of a nation is necessarily much more complex than this, and civilization has many roots, not one. The predominance of the frontier fallacy at the present time, which has persuaded so many people that only the naive, the regional and the folk artists—or in literature that only Mark Twain and Whitman—are truly American artists, or that by rejecting this or that aspect of art in America one can arrive at something that is purely “American,” is only another example (of which we have already too many) of how the twentieth century has misread the meaning of its own civilization. This misunderstanding has been aided by the geographical fallacy that was at once the weakest and the most influential element in Emerson’s ideas about art. This was his supposition that because the United States was then a vast, formless, and half-wild continent, the true American art when it arrived, would likewise be gigantic, rugged, and grand. Emerson thought that the American art he found existing in his own day—a delicate, tender, and introspective art—was hardly to be considered American. It was out of scale with America; it lacked “nerve and dagger.” His error lay in assuming that because greatness took one form in the scenery of this continent, it must take the same form in men’s lives. One can agree with his desire that our life should achieve spiritual grandeur without falling into the mistake of supposing that greatness takes the same form in the inner life and in nature. There is nothing in the history of art to support the idea of an automatic similarity between the height of mountains or the width of plains and the imaginative life of the men who live upon them. How many different kinds of art have come and gone, for instance, on the same little spot of European soil, as the spirit of man changed with the centuries within the same setting of river, valley, and hills. And the art of Asia was not formed by its vast mountain chains and bare plains, but by the silent introspection of Buddhist mysticism. The earth is to the artist a setting, an inspiration, and a problem, but what he may create cannot be predicted from the physical appearance of his surroundings.

What has been forgotten is that if America was settled by adventurers and men of action, whose struggle with the soil and adaptation to new conditions brought out new qualities of life, it was also settled by religious and intellectual dissenters who came here to withdraw from the world into the wilderness in order to seek for the life of the spirit. Quakers, Puritans, Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, they came because of a spiritual crisis in the life of the seventeenth century. They were led by scholarly men like Winthrop in Massachusetts and William Penn’s friend, James Logan, in Philadelphia. Let me quote John Fiske’s description of Logan, whose name became one which so many Indian warriors were proud to adopt:

“James Logan was an infant prodigy; at the age of twelve his attainments in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew had attracted much notice, and he afterward attained distinction in modern languages, mathematics, physics and natural history. Penn



Allston: BENJAMIN WEST, 1814, oil, 30 x 25. Boston Athenaeum

Allston: SELF-PORTRAIT, 1805, oil, 31½ x 26½. Boston Museum of Fine Arts



brought him to Philadelphia on his second coming, in 1699, and for the next forty years he was always in some high position,—secretary of the province, member of the council, judge of common pleas, chief justice, mayor of Philadelphia, and, in 1736-38, acting-governor of Pennsylvania. Like his friend Penn, he knew how to win and keep the confidence of the red men, and it was in honor of him that the chieftain Sagoyewidge received the name of Logan, long to be remembered for the tale of woe which did such injustice to the fame of the captain Michael Cresap. The singular variety of his genius is shown by the fact that his friend Linnaeus, in compliment to his botanical attainments, named after him a natural order of herbs and shrubs, the Loganiaceae, containing some thirty genera in three hundred and fifty species, of which *strychnos tox vomica* is one of the best known. He published Latin essays on reproduction in plants, and on the aberration of light; translated Cato's *Disticha* and Cicero's *De Senectute*, and bequeathed to the city his library of two thousand volumes, comprising all the Latin classics, and more than a hundred folios in Greek with the original edition of Ptolemy's *Almagest* and Timon's commentary, 'from my learned friend Fabricius, who published fourteen volumes of his *Bibliotheca Graeca* in quarto, in which, after he had finished his account of Ptolemy, on my inquiring from him at Hamburg how I should find it, having long sought for it in vain in England, he sent it to me out of his own library, telling me it was so scarce that neither the price nor prayers could purchase it'."

For such men as this, the fact that they found themselves living in log cabins in the forest was an accident of circumstances. It was their noble ambition *inter silvas quaerere verum*, as Thomas Wharton said of the Quakers in Pennsylvania; while the forest trees still stood at their doors, they began to build schools and to set up a printing press, to teach and to be enlightened. The struggle to live on a new soil was subsidiary for them to the greater struggle within the human heart, which is outside of place or circumstance. Perhaps a third of our population is descended from such settlers. These frontiersmen by force of circumstances might be farmers or mechanics for generations while living in the wild regions of a new world, but the deep inner tendency toward the life of thought remained. When generations after, one of their descendants closed the record of a seeking spirit with the words

"Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society . . . may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture to enjoy its perfect summer life at last! I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that sorrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

He merely put into words the spirit of his line. Hence there is a dreaming, brooding spirit, which runs throughout American art and which is characteristic of it wherever it is most profound, even in the work of objective realists like Eakins or Winslow Homer.

And beyond this, the relation of the human spirit to its environment is not mechanical and obvious as the geographical fallacy would make it. The artist, who is profoundly sensitive to his environment, feels keenly any lack of balance or harmony in his spiritual world. And because he is creative rather than a mere passive creature of his environment, his reaction to a want is to create what his heart craves. The very fact that the American artist has lived in an unfinished world, somewhat disorderly by reason of the bricks and timbers scattered about during the building of a new society, is one reason why his art has so often been delicate and quiet, dreamy and tender. It is his way of creating the harmony, order, and inner quiet at his spirit needs.

Tocqueville discovered this contrast between nature and man when he visited the frontier of settlement in Michigan during the 1830's. It was a great surprise to him and contrary to all his ideas that he nowhere found American "peasants."

"Immense forests shadowed the shore of Lake Erie and made about the lake a thick and rarely broken belt. From time to time, however, the aspect of the country suddenly changes. On turning a wood one sights the elegant spire of a steeple, some houses shining white and neat, some shops. Two paces further on, the forest, primitive and apparently impenetrable, resumes its sway and once more reflects its foliage in the waters of the lake. . . . Those who inhabit these isolated places have arrived there since yesterday; they have come with the customs, the ideas, the needs of civilization. They only yield to savagery that which the imperious necessity of things exacts from them; thence the most bizarre contrasts. Without transition you pass from a wilderness into the streets of a city, from the wildest scenes to the most smiling pictures of civilized life. If, night coming on you unawares, you are not forced to take shelter at the foot of a tree, you have every prospect of arriving in a village where you will find everything, even to French fashions, the almanac of modes, the caricatures of the boulevards. The merchant of Buffalo and of Detroit is as well stocked with them as he of New York. The factories of Lyon work for one as for the other. You quit the large roads, you penetrate paths scarcely cleared, you finally perceive a cleared field, a cabin composed of half-squared logs, into which daylight enters only through one narrow window, you believe yourself at last come to the dwelling of an American peasant: *erreur*. You enter this cabin which seems the asylum of all the miseries, but the owner wears the same clothes as you, he speaks the language of the cities. On his rude table are books and newspapers; he himself hastens to take you aside to learn just what is going on in old Europe and to ask you what has most struck you in his own country. He will trace out for you on paper a plan of campaign for the Belgians, and will gravely inform you what remains to be done for the prosperity of France. One would believe oneself seeing a rich proprietor who has momentarily come to live for several nights in his hunting lodge. And in fact the wood cabin is only a temporary refuge for the American, a temporary concession made to the exigencies of the situation. When the surrounding fields are all under cultivation and the new proprietor has the time to concern himself with the comforts of life, a house more spacious and better adapted to his needs will replace the log house, and will serve to shelter numerous children who will also one day go to create for themselves a dwelling in the wilderness."

In the life of the settlers in America we have to deal not with what ethnologists call a culture, that is simply a complex of habits, of any sort, on any level, whatever they may happen to be. We are dealing with a civilization, which means a life governed by the moral aspirations and cultural standards of the *civis*, the citizen of a city state. Civilization is a word which appeared in the eighteenth century and displaced an older word, civility. But both have at their root the conception of the man who aspires toward the developed and self-disciplined life of the *civis*, the ideal which separated the inhabitants of the Greek city states from the barbarous world around them. In the American frontier Abraham Lincoln was an example of the grandeur and force of this moral aspiration, which no hardship, or wild surroundings, or loneliness, or lack of outward encouragement, could kill. It was in the stock.

Later writers have made much of the bareness of the New England environment where Allston's mature life was passed. They have found ammunition even in Emerson, who in the heat of his early revolt sometimes spoke as if the New England of the generation preceding had been a desert. Poor and bare it was, according to twentieth-century notions; but it was a desert from which sprang remarkable flowers of intellect and character. Its inner illumination sprang from granite and remained too close to its source to be spoiled by self-pity. Julian Hawthorne described it, fifty years ago, in words which may be

Allston: MOONLIT LANDSCAPE, 1819, oil, 24 x 35. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



placed beside all that we know of its defects. The New England of the opening of the nineteenth century was, he said "a remarkable and perhaps unique state of society. Plain living and high thinking can seldom have been more fully united and exemplified than in certain circles of Boston and Salem during the first thirty or forty years of this century. The seed of democracy was bearing its first and (so far) its sweetest and most delicate fruit. Men and women of high refinement, education and sensibilities thought it no derogation, not only to work for their living, but to tend a counter, sweep a room or labor in the field. Religious feeling was deep and earnest, owing in part to the recent schism between the severe and liberal interpretations of Christian destiny and obligations; and the development of commerce and other material interest had not more than foreshadowed its present proportions, nor distracted people's attention from less practical matters."

Allston had a healthy delight in the sweetness of life which saved him from the utopianisms and fanaticisms that plagued the transcendental generation. He loved good food and liked to talk in later life of long-past dinners in Paris. Even during his solitary days in the 1820's when he was financially at his lowest ebb, he ate his dinners at Rouillard's French restaurant, at the corner of Milk and Congress Streets, which served the best food in Boston. He had the artist's ability to savor the passing moment which makes any spot a place to work and without which, I think, a man cannot be an artist in any environment. There is another trait of Allston's mind whose importance cannot, I think, be overestimated. The quality of reverence was very highly developed in him. Washington Irving noted how strongly this quality showed itself among the works of art at Rome. Reverence is a quality that opens the mind to sympathy with other minds. It enables a man to apprehend that which is above his experience. It draws him toward what has been achieved upon the highest plane; and by opening his comprehension to what is above less finely organized minds, enlarges and ripens his power of discrimination. A sensibility thus developed will make more out of a slight impression than an insensitive mind can draw from the greatest opportunities. It contributed perhaps more than we can measure to the rapidity and sureness of his development. The preoccupation with the

inward life and the sentiment of reverence, more than anything else, identify Allston with the trend of American thought of this time and formed perhaps his best preparation for life.

In every period of art in the western world one finds record of both outer and inner inspirations—nature and inner life. At no period since 1800 has our art been with both. It is a serious error, therefore, to ignore the current idealism in our art. Even if this had been the complete failure which it is the fashion to consider it, we should still have asked ourselves why it failed; why the spirit of western civilization, product of centuries of extraordinary life, singularly equipped both for practical life and introspection, had shriveled to a narrower compass in the new world. It did not shrivel, but it had to meet difficulties which the contemplative life had not faced for a thousand years past in Europe.

There were perhaps some advantages in the poverty of the environment. The artist of the early nineteenth century had to face obstacles in his daily work, in the exhibition of his pictures, in his study, which no one has to face today. He lacked our conveniences and comforts also, in large measure. But he lived in a world built by sound and disciplined craftsmen. There were fewer painters then in America but more skilled craftsmen, fewer exhibitions of pictures but also less trash to distract the attention, fewer amusements but stronger beliefs. For the clever, imitative talents in which the twentieth century is so rich, there was no nourishment. But for the man of deep imagination and inner force a Spartan simplicity offered a livable, if not flattering environment.

Painting in America, after a long slow apprenticeship, came in the early nineteenth century an instrument of the relative and imaginative life. Allston is the chief figure in the enlargement of its imaginative scope. He has for us the interest of a pioneer. He introduced into the tradition of our art strains of dramatic and lyric sentiment, of quiet reverie and meditation upon the past, which have produced so much of the greatest art in other lands. These traits are part of the spirit of mankind. It was inevitable that when time was ripe, they should make themselves felt here.

It is enough to ask ourselves what were the problems of the first artist of this kind in the United States, to see the inte-

such a figure. His contemporary romantic artists in Europe and the contemporary world barren, but they at least found themselves surrounded by the accumulated riches of all the past, which forms in its totality an enormous record of minds flooding upon the heroic and the unseen. Europe was studded with towers of cathedrals which are the monuments of past generations' meditation upon the divine; with ruins in which the great memories of the race were embodied; with ancient universities and libraries and galleries of art, in which the importance of the inner life had been given expression. Even in the driest and unsympathetic period the artist had the presence of the past to sustain his conception of life and give prestige to the way he wished to live. No one can know even a little of that without knowing what part these silent companions played in nourishing its artists. But in America, in 1800, when Allston graduated from college and set out to be an artist, there were neither cathedrals, ruins, libraries, nor pictures. All was still to rise from the soil. The winds blew fresh from the forest and the Atlantic over a brisk and snappy democracy, where every man had his living to get and where everyone was as good as his neighbor. How did it go with such a man in such a place? If we balance success against failure, the answer must be the latter. Yet that the next generation of artists who came after him felt that someone before them had found the way. When Margaret Fuller reviewed the Allston exhibit of 1839 in the first number of the DIAL, she spoke of the impression made upon her when she first saw some of Allston's pictures at the age of sixteen. "The calm and meditative ease of these pictures, the ideal beauty that shone *through* rather than *in* them, and the harmony of coloring were as unlike anything else I saw, as the *Scarlet Letter* of Wakefield to Cooper's novels. I seemed to recognize a painting that self-possessed elegance, that transparent depth, which I most admired in literature; I thought with delight that such a man as this had been able to grow up in our bustling, reasonable community, that he had kept his foot upon the ground, yet never lost sight of the rose-clouds of beauty floating above him. I saw, too, that he had not been troubled, but pos-

sessed his own soul with the blindest patience; and I hoped, I scarce know what, probably the *mot d'énigme* for which we are all looking. How the poetical mind can live and work in peace and good faith! how it may unfold to its due perfection in an unpoetical society!"

It was the influence of this fact—that he had succeeded in living the life of an artist in America, remaining upon the highest plane of artistic purpose and using always his best powers without falling into commercialization or hack work—that permeated the life of this country in the early nineteenth century. It was felt by those who scarcely knew him, by many who had never even seen his work, but nevertheless felt his presence. After his death William Cullen Bryant wrote from New York to Richard Henry Dana, "Weir, who has just put the last hand to his picture of the 'Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' [commissioned for the Capitol in Washington] on which he has earnestly been engaged for years, is a man of great simplicity of character and depth of feeling. 'It was encouragement to me during my long labors,' said he to me, last week, 'that when they should be finished, Allston would see what I had done. I thought of it almost every day while I was at work.' Such was the confidence with which the artists looked up to his true and friendly judgment, and so sure were they that what they had done well could give him pleasure." The impression he made is also in the words Emerson wrote at the time of Allston's death to Margaret Fuller, who was traveling on the western prairies: "And now you have already learned that Allston is dead,—the solitary link as it seemed between America and Italy. Not strange that he should die, but that he should have lived sixty-four years. I never heard of his being young, or a beginner, and suppose that his first strokes were masterly. He was like one of those boulders which geologists sometimes find a thousand or two miles from the mountain from which they were detached, and science cannot show how they were conveyed. A little sunshine of his own has this man of Beauty made in the American forest, and who has not heard of his veiled picture, which now alas must be unveiled."



Allston: ITALIAN LANDSCAPE, ca. 1805, oil, 39 x 51. Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Mass.



Chupicuaro: Nine women with arms interlocked dancing around three seated priests, first millennium, hand molded, 14 inches wide. Museo Nacional, Mexico City (Photos from the Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs)

PRECOLUMBIAN ART OF WESTERN MEXICO

BY DOROTHY ADLOW

WITHIN the past decade Mexican and American archaeologists have brought to light enough material to change their concept of the arts attributed hitherto to the Tarascans of western Mexico. Although most of the relics of the early cultures are still buried in the ground, the best of the excavated treasures were recently lent with the special permission of President Alemán to the Taylor Museum of The Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, where they will be on display through the month of October. The loans are from the collection of *Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia* and *Museo Nacional* of Mexico City.

The western cultures of Mexico had their distinctive characteristics, independent of the Aztec, but their achievements in the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture were slight in comparison with their vigorous and individual production of ceramic arts. The potteries date from the time of Christ to the days of the Spanish Conquest; most are ascribed to the first thousand years of the Christian Era.

They do not seem to have been created in the service of tribal gods, nor were they accessories of ritual. It is a genre art, reflecting daily life, and fulfilling daily needs. The execution is free, flexible, vivacious; it is buoyant, personal and witty. There are different cultural phases, showing varying qualifications in handicraft and imaginative insight, but in the aggregate, the ceramics reveal common characteristics of elasticity, dynamics, and earthly realism, more compelling in vigor than in grace. Even the more archaic portrayals are singularly true to life, intimate, and enchanting.

These potters of western Mexico indulged freely in the exaggerations of caricature. They would distort and deform, enlarge or reduce normal dimensions. Some figures taper down or flare out; the same portrait may be executed both in relief

and in the round. The clay is pressed, pinched, flattened, pierced, incised, scratched, embossed, painted, and appliqué with little rolls and pellets. It may be firm and solid; often is soft and limp, like dough. The animistic urge imposes portraiture even upon bowls, which put forth noses and lips, bird-like heads and tails. Some vessels repose on tripods, which may assume a living aspect like the shape of birds, or human breasts.

Only a few archaic sites have been uncovered in western Mexico. However, archaic cultural features such as hand-molded figurine types are common, and they persist into later periods. The clay objects which resemble the archaic pottery of Central Mexico come from the zone of Chupicuaro, in the Lerma River Valley of the State of Guanajuato. There is no glaze on the pottery (nor, for that matter, in any other culture represented). The silken gloss is the result of careful polishing with a smooth pebble before firing the vessel. The pottery was built by coiling and scraping fillets of clay. There was no use of the potter's wheel. Bands of black painted decoration include terraced patterns.

Hollow, modeled portraits and caricatures of the "Colimense" cultures come from Colima, Jalisco, and Michoacan. These are the superlative achievements in clay modeling in western Mexico. They exemplify most fully the special native talent in conveying facial expression, movement, posture, physical deformity, dress adornment. The modeled figures of Nayarit are more freely executed and show less skill. Details are indicated with paint.

The northernmost culture of western Mexico is that of Sinaloa, which produced none of the modeled figures typical of the southern neighbors. A characteristic piece is of polished buff or yellow ware with design in red and polychrome. Sinaloa wares include polished black vessels with incisions filled with red paint, a technique used today in decorated lacquer goods.

DOROTHY ADLOW IS ART CRITIC FOR THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.



Chupicuaro: Hollow molded figure, painted red, outlined with black, yellow slip, 8 inches high. Museo Nacional, Mexico City.

Warrior carrying bundle of reeds, with two men, 18 inches high. Museo Nacional, Mexico City.





Giorgio Morandi: STILL LIFE, 1944, oil.

GIORGIO MORANDI

BY MARIO BACCHELLI

I FIRST heard the name of Morandi from one of my schoolmates in Bologna.

"I want you to meet a cousin of mine," he told me. "He is a lunatic and wants to become a painter."

"Why do you say he is a lunatic?" I inquired.

"Because he tears up everything he does and throws it away."

I was impressed by the idea of a young man who, like myself, wanted to be a painter, and who destroyed everything he painted. After a certain time I met him, and we became close friends.

He didn't throw away what he was doing any more; and he was certainly not a lunatic. He was just finishing his courses at the Academy of Fine Arts and preparing himself for the teacher's exams, with the purpose of earning his living as a teacher. In fact, he would never have dreamed of making his living from painting; he already looked forward to a life and to a kind of art which should never know any compromise.

He intended to earn his living in order to help his mother—a widow—and his sisters, who also studied to become teachers. They lived in a modest apartment in an old and characteristic Bolognese street, Via Fondazza, a street with narrow arcades

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MARIO BACCHELLI IS AN ITALIAN PAINTER NOW LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY.

and dark little shops, displaying in their windows such objects as one might say nobody would ever buy: statuettes of doves, geese, or horses, made of chestnut-dough; little saints and Madonnas of sugar, trumpets, and whistles for children.

Morandi was born in Bologna in 1890, where he followed the courses of the Academy of Fine Arts, and where he was for many years a teacher of design in elementary schools. He held his first exhibition in his home town in 1914, with a group of young artists more or less linked to those progressive trends which had their principal exponents in futurism and cubism.

After the first World War, he joined the group known as "Valori Plastici" from the name of a Roman magazine edited by Mario Broglio. Broglio gathered and exhibited in various Italian and European cities some of Morandi's work as well as those of some other painters, including Carrà and de Chirico.

Morandi himself has never gone out of Italy; only on a few occasions, and always for brief periods, has he left Bologna. His renown remained for many years limited to a narrow circle of friends. His artistic conscience was formed more through the study of old masters than of modern art. Of these he admits a very limited number, with a definite preference for Cézanne.

One may say that he derived his own style and his severe knowledge of composition from Cézanne—and principally from the Cézanne of still lifes—rather than from any other painter. Nevertheless he never shows any kind of formal imitation. To a certain degree, his personality offers an analogy with Cézanne in his position as an artist of so-called progressive trend, but having always been considered apart and detached from the organized artistic movements and groups.

He withdrew from futurism immediately, not only due to his own character which leads him to sharp and severe criticism of easy adventures, but also because of the attitude of Marinetti and his followers, in politics, in public, on the stage. From other movements, more genuinely pictorial, like cubism and its derivations, he departed more and more, led by his exclusive conception of style and abstraction, which follows direct vision and emotion, never theoretical or planned reasons.

As far as those movements which link merely pictorial motives to literary aims—like metaphysic art, surrealism, and other analogous schools—he always kept scrupulously apart.

When already a formed artist, he devoted himself to etching. Having become a deeply experienced craftsman in his difficult and subtle technique, he was appointed teacher of etching at the Academy of Fine Arts of Bologna. He still occupies this position.

I can still picture him as I first knew him. A fair span taller than the average, with shoulders bent not by some structural imperfection but from a habit of negligence, wrapped up to his ears in a mantle during the frigid winter of Bologna, wearing a felt hat pulled down over his eyes, Morandi walked under those Bolognese arcades, whose beams he almost touched with his head, in a careless and swinging manner which made his walking look like that of a camel's.

I have never seen his pictures or drawings of the time when his cousin said he was throwing away everything he did. But his mother kept two works made by him when he was a child,

and they already showed, in a premature way, the character of the artist as he was to develop later. They were two statuettes of painted clay, representing two kneeling shepherds. The child-artist had been inspired by certain tiny figures which were brought into town by the peasants in the first weeks of December, for the fair of Santa Lucia, to be sold for the "crèches" of next Christmas, among evergreen branches, tiny altars, and colored lamps.

Santa Lucia's fair was held under the ancient arcades of the church of Santa Maria dei Servi. These arcades are incredibly ample and delicate, raised on slender columns of white and pink marble, along the old Strada Maggiore, of which Via Fondazza is a humble crossway.

The future painter made naively modeled faces, bodies, and draperies, smearing them with dense and mellow colors, made richer and smoother through beeswax and varnish: thus he already showed a remarkable love for the texture of his work, and this very approach was destined to give a definite character to his later paintings.

Children's drawings and sculptures have always a particular, recognizable character. One could even say, in a certain way, that they all have something in common. In this particular case, I must say that every time I have seen one of Morandi's paintings, with their essential values and their deep, shadowy tones, I could not help remembering those two childish statuettes, which linked him to the tradition and to the spirit of our old native town long before he could even be conscious of it. Nevertheless, when we first met, every one of his thoughts and attitudes seemed directed against that same tradition and that provincial spirit. But it only seemed so.

Those were the years preceding the first World War. While in Paris, Picasso and Braque discovered cubism; in Italy, Marinetti was blowing the trumpets of his rhetoric of D'Annunzian derivation, to overturn the world of art—of every art—with the group of men whom he had gathered around him:

Morandi: *Landscape*, 1927, etching.





Morandi: STILL LIFE, 1931,

poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians, traveling all over the continent, speaking and showing themselves on theater stages. In the small and dusty world of provincial towns, young people used to go enthusiastic at the anti-scholastic and anti-bourgeois cry: "Flood the libraries and burn the museums!"

Morandi wouldn't have burnt any museums—in libraries he took no special interest—but he would perhaps have been willing to burn, as in an *auto da fé*, the professors of the old and dusty Academy of Bologna. Nevertheless, this radical and purifying wish reflected an intimate impulse to link himself to a true tradition, to lost values, misunderstood and betrayed by the shabby crowd of local artists.

Under his externally provincial aspect, under his voluntary, ascetical limitations of material needs, under his renunciation of travels and of a superficial, informative and exterior development, he carried on a research of depth, which since the first beginnings of his life as an artist was giving him the knowledge and conscience of true, genuine, and immutable values.

He joined the movement which at that time was called progressive, or rather revolutionary, scandalizing his professors at the Academy and every right-thinking citizen in the small circle of his town, with experiments in color and form that had nothing to do with objective and imitative art. In the meantime he had immediately and surely recognized his immortal teachers in Giotto, Duccio, Masaccio.

Nevertheless, his brushes have never traced a stroke which imitated those masters: never in his work would one find a formal reminiscence, not even a remote echo of their style and of their images, or an imitation of their pictorial texture. But the problem of space, the discipline of composition, the elements which form the counterpoint of a pictorial work were deeply studied by him in those models, from which he learned, moreover, the taste, the conscience, and the respect for the matter and medium employed.

No exterior curiosity, no distraction or diversion ever carried

him away from his constant work, intense and patient, never cold or uninspired. He then began to impose upon himself the limitation of subjects, which was destined to give a particular character to his work, allowing only some infrequent intervals for landscape excursions in the suburbs or in the hills around Bologna, severe and poor in motifs of inspiration.

Even if the objects which Morandi paints are for him a pretext and a way of expressing intimate emotions—a manner of looking into himself, not outside—he nevertheless has never considered them with indifference. On the contrary, he never almost appear morbid in his attachment to certain corners of his landscape, and above all to some familiar items, the form and the color of which are particularly expressive for his sensibility as a painter.

Even in those distant years, his bedroom—which served him also as studio—was becoming more and more filled with bottles, kettles, coffee-pots, old-fashioned lamps that he was picking up among lost and abandoned things, in attics, in bric-a-brac shops, or in the shabby fair of old rags and worn-out objects, which takes place every Saturday in a suburban square of Bologna, and is called "la Piazzola."

In recent years those who cannot see in pictures anything more than a descriptive and illustrative medium, have interpreted his choice as inspired by love for old humble things by a feeling of humiliated and nostalgic humanity. Nothing of the sort. Morandi chooses his objects and makes them the subjects of his art, following a rule which is unavoidable, which has such a character of necessity that it almost lies in the subconscious. It is the rule of pure pictorial emotion. But every rule links him so tightly to the objects of his own choice that he becomes almost a slave to them. When a shape or color inspires him he cannot detach himself from it.

I remember all those apparently useless things, accurately, almost religiously, arranged on a table at the foot of his bed in orderly compositions creating mute dialogues of lines

olumes in a reciprocal play, the rules of which were known to him alone. Nobody could touch them. The smallest displacement would have broken the harmony; even the dust constituted an essential tonal element, progressively covering the immobile objects.

His mother, active and tidy, was hurt by the stubbornness of her Giorgio, who, though the most affectionate and respectful of sons, prohibited everybody, and even her, to touch his things or to dust them.

The war broke out—the first World War—and while all of us belonging to his group, young men from twenty to twenty-five, were drafted and sent to barracks or to battlefields, Morandi, for serious reasons of health, was spared the adventure which would have taken him forcibly away from his pots, bottles, and kettles.

In those years, hard for everybody, we had strong reasons to be afraid that his life as an artist would be broken at its very beginning. In the rare furloughs from our military service, we used to go and see Bologna's porticos again; we used to go and visit our friend, who lay emaciated on his sick-bed, near the table covered with the objects of his pictorial meditations. On our leaving, his mother used to accompany us to the door, telling us that not even now, not even in his present state, did Giorgio allow her to touch and to dust those objects.

The gloomy and cold town was darkened in the black-out. With the Austrians on the Piave, Bologna was now within the war zone. The mother stayed in sorrow with her sick son; the three daughters were all at school, the elder a teacher in a small village in the mountains, the two younger ones still studying.

Life was hard: a cup of broth was riches. But notwithstanding the hardships of wartime, the young man began to regain his health. It was as if the sun shone again in the modest apartment of Via Fondazza. A compromise was reached between mother and son: one half of the room, cleaned and dusted, was considered a bedroom; the other half, not to be touched, became the painter's studio.

A few intelligent persons who occupied their minds with art, visiting painters' ateliers and newspaper offices, became aware of Morandi's existence. His paintings—all of them small

in dimensions—began to be shown in exhibitions. In the constant, perseverant repetition of their subjects they carry an unmistakable character, an expression of strong personality which could be taken as an eloquent proof of the sentence of an old French painter: "*Si vous voulez être original, faites toujours la même chose.*"

One day he fell in love with the technique of etching. He studied its secrets with his usual, intelligent stubbornness, and got a teacher's appointment in that same Academy of Bologna, which formerly had him as an undocile and rebellious pupil.

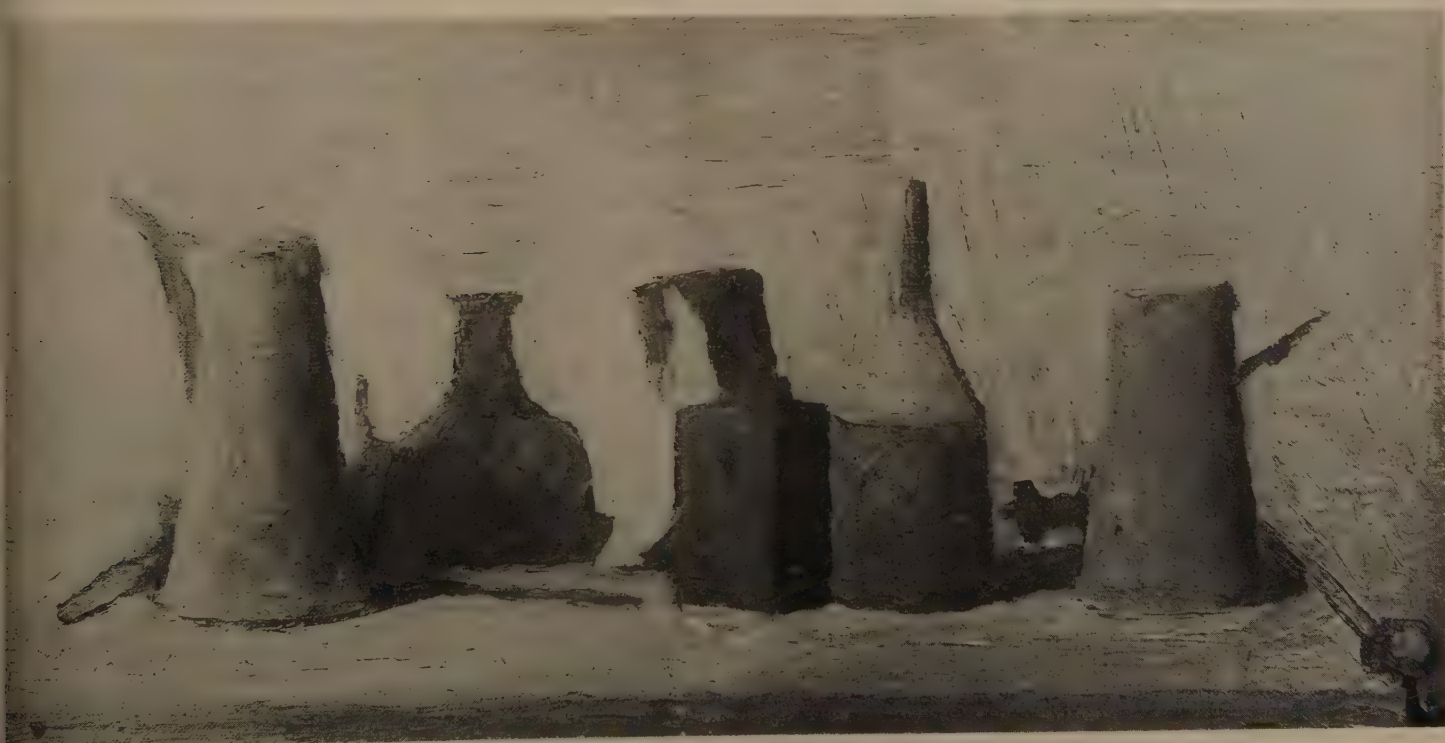
In the field of Italian art of the past score of years, Morandi is an outstanding artist. The most intelligent writers recognize in him an exceptionally acute intelligence and an artist of rare conscience. Painters, though eagerly following thousands of chimeras, though being distracted by thousands of delusive lights, have stopped in front of his deep and sober tones, his strong profiles, his static and peremptory compositions, which, free from any whimsical play, compel one's attention like a pair of intent and serious eyes among thousands of laughing and grimacing faces.

After many long years of absence, I went back to Bologna and found my town still lacerated by the destructions of war. I walked towards Via Fondazza, under the Servi arcades, which, alas, have crumbled through the whole space of one of their large arches; a heavy allied truck had banged against the fragile marble column with such disgraceful violence that it had crumbled.

Via Fondazza is still the old street with its dark little shops. Morandi is still there, serene as ever, among his brushes and pots. In the days when Bologna suffered under the hated tyranny of the fascist regime, his mother and his sister fell again into an agony of fear for him, who had been seized and thrown into prison by Mussolini's cut-throats.

Democratic, with no love of demagoguery, wishing order, but above everything freedom, in the full and equilibrated development of his life, he looks at the world and at its terribly exciting or frightfully menacing happenings with the same feeling with which he considers the objects of his art. He translates the exterior elements into expressions of himself and ignores the rambling, gesticulating, howling people.

Morandi: STILL LIFE, 1928, oil.





THOMAS LORD, JOINER

BY SAMUEL M. GREEN

DOWN the Maine coast, east of Penobscot Bay, lies the little sea-faring village of Bluehill. Its houses cluster around a narrow harbor and are scattered up the side of the abrupt spruce-covered hill from which the town derives its name. Here during the middle years of the last century lived Thomas Lord, carpenter and joiner, who could turn his hand to anything from a church to a coffin. His simple craftsman's life suggested the figure of Thomas Winship in Mary Ellen Chase's novel of her native Bluehill, "Silas Crockett"; and Talbot Hamlin in his "Greek Revival Architecture in America" mentions his work with appreciation. But the documents in the possession of descendants of Lord have not till now been studied in reference to the buildings themselves. They consist of diaries and lists owned by Miss Florence Morse of Bluehill, granddaughter of Lord; and drawings owned by Arthur Haviland of Dedham, Massachusetts, a great-grandson of Lord, and by Colby College, Waterville, Maine (gift of Miss Morse).

These documents are invaluable, for they reveal Lord as one of the few known personalities among the host of usually anonymous carpenter-builders whose work lends so much flavor to the New England scene. Furthermore, Lord is no mere run-of-the-mill builder; we shall see to what good effect he translated the academic Greek revival into a very personal vernacular, exploiting the construction possibilities of wood. But perhaps the most interesting fact brought out by these papers is the contrast between the carpenter-housewright and the architect-designer. For among Lord's papers were found some drawings signed by one B. J. Deane, "architect," as well as designs by Lord himself.

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SAMUEL M. GREEN, NOW TEACHING ART AT WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, WROTE THIS ARTICLE WHEN HE WAS AT COLBY COLLEGE IN MAINE.

Lord and Deane: Congregational Church, Bluehill, Maine.



AND HOUSEWRIGHT

Born in Surry, Maine, February 10th, 1806, Lord began his trade in May, 1823. Two months before he died in 1880, he sums up his life work in these words: "Have worked on 83 vessels, more or less." This is followed by a list: 84 dwelling houses, 12 school houses, 14 meeting houses, 15 barns and sheds and other public buildings, 10 stern mouldings and heads, and 250 coffins. He adds that he built "5 stores besides sashes and blinds and other works," and concludes "its a work of 52 years." For the rest, we know from the annotations in his occasional diaries that he sawed and split wood most of the winter months, went to meeting every Sunday, and spent his odd moments at such occupations as "repairing, and making of whiple trees." His chief employer appears to have been George Stevens, the leading citizen of the town, merchant and shipbuilder, for whom he built and repaired store buildings, carved figure heads, and did the "whole joiner work" of at least one ship, for which he was paid \$675 in full. He couldn't have had much formal education, for he spelt badly and his handwriting resembles that of a child. As a matter of fact, he must have left school early, for at fifteen years of age he was grinding bark at Ellsworth and "driving an old horse." Sick the next year, when he was seventeen he sailed in his uncle's ship and worked on his uncle's farm. Perhaps because of ill-health, he put off deciding on his life work until he was twenty-two, when he apprenticed himself to a carpenter.

On the basis of these few documents we may conclude that Lord had no academic background, took up a trade relatively late, and had no pretensions of architectural learning. The few drawings which he left corroborate these conclusions, for they are comparatively crude and architecturally illiterate. They are undoubtedly by him, for they are annotated in the same hand that wrote the diaries and lists.

Lord: Baptist Church, 1850, Bluehill, Maine.



Altogether Lord worked in fourteen towns, according to his list, but chiefly at minor carpentry. His diary contains references to trips in connection with shipbuilding, and he speaks of going "to Merrill, Deer Isle shingling, planing desks and blinds." Out of the carpentry of a lifetime only the most interesting of his buildings will be discussed here: the meeting houses and two typical dwellings.

The meeting houses can be divided into two definite stylistic groups, and the contrast between the two can be most effectively illustrated by a comparison of the two church buildings at Bluehill: the charming and academically correct Congregational meeting house, and the Baptist church, equally charming, but outlandish in proportion and detail. We know that both were built by Lord, but it can be proved that the architect Benjamin S. Deane was the designer of the former.¹ The drawings among Lord's papers signed by Deane's name and followed by the word "architect" are undoubtedly for this building. The framework, where exposed in the attic and cellar, corresponds perfectly with the structural diagrams, and the fenestration in building and drawings coincides. The drawings for details also correspond in form and in measurement to those in the actual building.

Perhaps the most outstanding quality of the Congregational church, in comparison with many of the group under consideration, is its academic correctness. The impression is one of good proportion, and none of the detail would offend a sensibility trained in an understanding of the classical orders. In other words, the building is evidently by a professional, as indeed Deane signs himself. Specifically, the order used on the interior and exterior (in the tower) is that which appears in plate 13 of Benjamin's "Practice of Architecture" published in 1833. The windows are of the type of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis, and are probably suggested by adaptations of them by Edward Shaw in his "Ionic cottages," appearing in plates 21-22 and 27-28 from his "Rural Architecture" (1843), a popular carpentry book in New England. Like other builders, Deane used these text books of classical details as models for correctness, but his own individuality is seen in the arrangement of the parts, that is in the effect of the building as a whole. The delicate and prominent mouldings of the openings, the insertion of a panel and two moulding strips in the pilaster give an effect of graceful lightness which is reminiscent of the earlier Adam style. This effect is accentuated by the use of the fan light. But in spite of this lightness the fundamental detail, as we have seen, is that of the Greek Revival, and the effect of the whole area of the facade and of the flanks as well is one of heavier simplicity than is common in the style of the Early Republic. This is because the detail is sparsely used, and is separated by large areas of unadorned wall space, as is typical of the Greek Revival. The tower is as correctly Greek as the rest of the building. The feeling of heavy solidity is more marked in the interior. The pilastered motif on the pulpit wall and the base of the balcony are the only accents in an interior otherwise undecorated except for a heavy cornice and the frames of the windows.

The Baptist church was built in 1850. It reflects almost no influence from the earlier Congregational church on the other side of town. It is as though Lord felt that the newer, and to him apparently more vital, Baptist faith to which he was converted (though he returned to the Congregationalists later in life) should have a less conventional house. Only the Doric order in its general proportions, some of the detail of the tower, and the motif of the pulpit wall reflect Deane's correctness. The only other academic portion is the base of the choir gallery at the opposite end of the interior which is inspired



Lord: Drawing for the Brooklin Church, Brooklin, Maine.

(but in general form only, not in detail) by a design for a gallery in Benjamin's "Practice of Architecture." The shape of the tower of the Congregational church is followed in general, but the top story is in the form of a square instead of an octagon, and there is no intervening block with its graceful panel.

In the interior of the church the pilasters and entablatures behind the pulpit have their starting point in Deane's similar motif in the Congregational church, but are much more elaborate and heavily ornate. The panels of the pilasters have a series of curved mouldings of the sort usually employed in a cornice, but used vertically here instead of horizontally, giving a rather unhappy effect. The cornice is bracketed in a vaguely Corinthian way, with none of Benjamin's correctness. How cavalier Lord can be in his treatment of the orders can be seen by comparing Deane's elegantly detailed gallery at the Congregational church with the very casual capitals at the Baptist church. Here the Ionic volutes are carved as though the order were originally conceived in wood. They are rounded and smoothly wooden, all the stony sharpness and precision is gone. The effect of this casual attitude toward the academic is further enhanced by the prominence given to a decorative



Lord: Church at Brooklin, Maine.

motif over the interior windows and on the facade and tower. This motif, consisting of a boldly carved rosette flanked by foliate curves, is a sort of trade mark or signature, which Lord also used in his own house and in the churches at Brooklin and West Brooksville. Another naive element, though not appearing in any other of his buildings, is a sort of inverted urn which he inserts at the top of the pilaster panel as an emphasis to its upper part.

All of these variations and personal idiosyncrasies merely indicate Lord's unacademic tastes. A more positive quality shown is his sense of proportion, which is quite personal. The great elongation of the door and windows of the facade is most unusual. The two windows, for example, give almost an effect of two narrow panels. This elongation is accentuated by the emphatic stripping of the pilasters, not with the two thin strips used by Deane in the Congregational church but with two thick mouldings dividing the pilasters into three vertical areas. The effect of attenuation is accentuated by the sparing use of decoration, the presence of his "motif" over the door, and the strange ornamentation below the pilaster capital. This facade is an altogether curious one, for within the framework of typical Greek Revival Lord manages to create a quite different effect. The Baptist church gives a kind of homely and indigenous

accent to the part of town which clings to the base of Bluehill against whose precipitous rise the steeple is silhouetted. It is in great contrast to the academic refinement of Deane's church on the other side of town. Each has a beauty of its own. Lord's may be a little more interesting, because it is unique, while Deane's follows more closely a conventional manner.

The two contrasting styles of churches built by Lord are thus epitomized in the two Bluehill buildings, one of his own design, and one designed by Deane. It would be convenient if it could be said with certainty that Deane was responsible for the design of the other academic buildings erected by Lord at Ellsworth,² Surry, Somesville, and South Penobscot. The church at neighboring North Sedgwick could also have been designed by a more professional hand; though it is undoubtedly Lord's, for among his papers there is a crude plan with marginal instructions, the details of which correspond exactly with the finished building. It has none of the boldly naive originality of his Bluehill Baptist church, but it could very well have been put together by Lord from the drawings for the Bluehill Congregational church in his possession, for the interior details are the same as in that building. The exterior, though simple, is also professional looking. The only naive element in the design is a strange piece of carving surrounding the painted date, "1845" in the pediment. Very similar in its floriate elaboration to the ship carving of the period, it was probably an outgrowth of Lord's experience as a carver of ship decoration. At any rate it adds an unusual and pleasant feature to an otherwise dull little building.

In contrast to these academic buildings put up by Lord, but either designed by Deane or inspired by him, there are a few done in what may be called Lord's own personal style, as exemplified by his Baptist church in Bluehill. Among them are the Baptist meeting houses in Brooklin and West Brooksville.

The Brooklin building is less interesting than the one at Bluehill. Instead of the successfully original proportions of the latter facade, there is a kind of awkwardness of the arrangement of the parts in the Brooklin building. The windows are placed clumsily, crowding each side of the entrance. The tower, though more original than Lord's at Bluehill (which follows Deane's in the Congregational church) lacks nicety of proportion. The heavy, even ornate, entablature of the second story contrasts unhappily with the plain lower story with its more geometric simplicity of form. The use of a capital consisting of a row of leaves such as that used in the Gothic Revival, and the addition of Gothic-like scrolls to the steeple as a sort of finial are further indications of Lord's unacademic approach. But, though the building lacks nicety of proportion, there is a sort of rugged solidity about it.

There are two drawings by Lord for this church. The one reproduced shows the closest approximation to the tower as it was built. The only noteworthy changes made in the actual building were the addition of Lord's signature, (the motif of the rosette surrounded by scrolls) and, more significant, the simplification of the lower story. In the building he removes a panel, indicated in the drawings, thus giving the pleasing effect already mentioned. The other drawing, not reproduced, is closer to the facade as it exists. The windows are not so close to the door, and the narrow proportions are more pleasing. But the facade would have been better handled in the manner indicated in the first drawing. The drawings themselves are characteristic of all Lord's drawings. Careless and amateurish, they must have served only as notes or suggestions of what he actually carried out in wood, which is neat and competent.

The Brooklin and Bluehill churches then, share a kind of originality which has a naive charm and gives the flavor of a

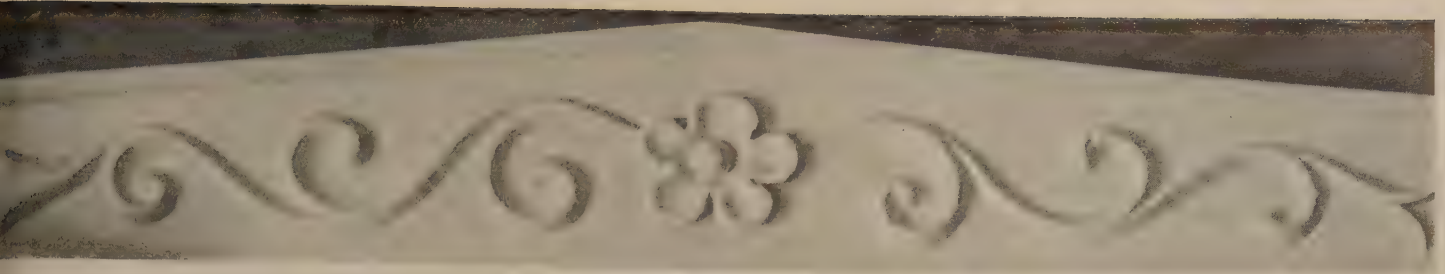


Lord: Church at West Brooksville, Maine.

definite architectural personality to two small Maine coast communities. Nevertheless, in the judgment of some, they might be considered as examples of a merely uneducated and crude handling of a style whose qualities Lord was unable to appreciate. But when his church at West Brooksville is seen, even the most academically prejudiced taste will be impressed with another kind of beauty than an academic one. In his respect for the materials and tools of his craft Lord has created a truly wooden architecture within the general confines of the Greek Revival style. The orders are interpreted in the language of carpentry with a nicety of joinery which exploits all the construction possibilities of wood. Though Lord stands in no awe of Greek details, as we have seen, he senses the essentials of their proportion; he interprets the academic orders in the vernacular of carpentry. Especially notable at West Brooksville is the treatment of the pediment and of the entablatures. The simplification of the classical forms to three smoothly joined planes, one above the other, is a particularly happy solution in wood. This series of three is also an important element of the design as a whole, appearing in the detail of the tower and in the three stages of the tower itself. The monumentality of effect, the easy broad transition of masses, and the simple detail of the handsome

Ellsworth church and of those probably by Deane may have had some influence upon this less correct but nearly as impressive building at West Brooksville. But its chief beauty remains in its homely charm and in the forthrightness which derives from the exploitation of the medium of wood.

Finally, a consideration of two of Lord's houses will add a little to the total impression of his work. The most pretentious of these is the house owned now by Thomas Lord's granddaughter Miss Florence Morse. As large as any in the village, on a corner lot and graced with a relatively elaborate entrance portico, it is a lovely house. It is probably of Lord's own design as well as execution, since his personal motif or signature, the foliated rosette, appears conspicuously over the doors in the principal rooms. The exterior of the house is relatively correct academically for a building of his conception. The portico is, in general, taken from one illustrated in Benjamin's "Builders' Guide" and the pilaster order of the house itself is the one preferred by Deane. Lord also uses Deane's two strips in the pilaster panel, and the convex surface in the panel of the corner pilasters which Deane employs in the exterior of the Bluehill Congregational church. But the cornice is Corinthian. This casual mixing of the orders reveals the unaca-



Lord: Carving over fireplace in the Lord-Morse house at Bluehill. The "signature" of the Down East Joiner and Housewright.

demie carpenter. Further, in the charming little portico, the capital is too large in relation to the column as a whole. But there is something very pleasing in the way in which the smooth wooden cylindrical shaft rises abruptly from the simple rectangle of the granite stoop with no base to intervene. In the interior of the house the fireplaces show a very nice feeling for simple rectangular blocks of wood fitted together in a way not imitative of stone or stucco, yet preserving the basic formal balance and elegance of the Greek forms without actually using their details.

The Chase house, the home of the novelist Mary Ellen Chase and of her sister, is traditionally ascribed to Lord. It seems more consistent than does his own house with the work of Lord as we know it in his church buildings. The functional simplicity of the treatment of the orders and the forthright bold proportions of the whole building are reminiscent of the West Brooksville church. Like the Morse house, the Chase residence has handsome fireplaces.

The work of Lord in the little town of Bluehill and its surroundings is representative of that great body of usually anonymous work which is part of our American folk tradition.

Lord: Chase house, Bluehill, Maine.



This original architecture plays a larger part than is generally realized in the whole picture of American formal expression in the arts. It has a peculiarly American quality very different from the better known work of the professional architect with his international standards, and in a way it seems more valid because of its fundamental respect for local conditions and materials.

¹ Deane was born in Thomaston, Maine, August 7, 1790, according to Cyrus Eaton's "History of Thomaston, Rockland, and South Thomaston, Maine," which also states that he designed the Congregational church there, now destroyed. He died in Bangor on May 4, 1867, according to an announcement in the BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER of December 7. Unfortunately, nothing in Bangor can be attributed definitely to him, due to the destruction of city records in the fire of 1911. But he must have been active, being the only architect listed in the Bangor Directory in the years 1848-64. A few buildings can be almost attributed to him on stylistic evidence in Bangor and elsewhere. Deane is as yet an unknown figure in American architecture, but his distinctive style certainly merits further study.

² The records of the Building Committee for the Ellsworth meeting house among Lord's papers is interesting as a commentary on wages and fees of the time:

To Thomas M. Lord				
1846	to	138¼	days work on Meeting house	\$253.40
1847	to	214½	" " " " " "	392.80
4 days making plans, etc.				7.39
going to Bangor to see about timber				3.00
				<hr/>
				\$656.59

Lord: Lord-Morse house, Bluehill, Maine.





Alton Pickens: THE GAME OF PRETEND, 1944, oil on burlap, 18 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 24 $\frac{1}{4}$. Buchholz Gallery, New York.

THERE ARE NO ARTISTS IN HIROSHIMA

BY ALTON PICKENS

I HAVE practiced art for as long as I can remember. Aside from public school, most of my education has been from observing artists at work, frequenting museums, and experimenting.

I received the best training and greatest incentive for painting in college, although there were no art courses offered there. With the guidance of a professor of literature, Dr. Lloyd Reynolds, a man of great versatility and a creator both in teaching and in art, I was led to explore the whole realm of art and literature, and was taught something about thinking as well. On a scholarship I attended the Portland Art Museum School in Oregon. Very soon I discovered that what I was seeking to learn in art could not be found there, so in the middle of the second semester, I quit and went to New York City. There I supplemented Dr. Reynolds' teaching by constant attendance at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art. I spent a tedious semester studying sculpture at the New School for Social Research—a half year devoted to bisecting a large log of boa wood with a dull cross-cut saw. Work in a shingle-mill would have been more exalting. I also worked for about two years in the offices of a trade union, learning to convert my skill, for a specific purpose, into leaflets, placards, etc.—what is commonly

known as prostituting one's art. I came to admire the organizer there as artists in a more difficult medium than mine, and involving much greater sacrifice.

A wandering existence caused me to utilize mediums that were easily transportable, working principally in pen and ink and wood-cut. It was some time before I was able to transfer to the oil medium, which I felt would be more commensurate with the genre of my expression. This I did by means of drawing with brush on a large canvas and timidly coloring it with oil glazes, employing a coarse canvas to enrich the color. Thenceforth I felt beset by many technical considerations and would usually seek the solution to a difficulty by studying paintings in museums. The broad technical problems that I have attempted to solve are consecutively the following:

1) Learning to paint the illusion of three dimensions without recourse to line; 2) to capture the same illusion without line and by minimizing value, e.g., by color relationship; 3) to develop a wider range of plasticity. Some of this was *tour de force*, but there was only one way to discover it. I am still preoccupied with color and plasticity. I have been mainly interested in the old masters, believing that they have the most to teach me, but this with the ultimate aim of mastering a swift, free and versatile technique. I very much admire Goya, Daumier, Bonnard, and Beckman for one or more of these reasons.

ALTON PICKENS PAINTS AND TEACHES AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON.



Pickens: THE BLUE DOLL, 1942,
oil on canvas, 42 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 35. The
Museum of Modern Art.

We, as handicraftsmen and therefore a minority, must ask why we are painters at all. It is illusion to say we work only for ourselves, or because genius dictates. There has never existed such a thing as a painter of absolute art. We paint for our community now, hoping, as do all of the species, for a useful and therefore honored place in society.

Perhaps it is sacrilegious to ask why one paints, but if it is an error, it is understandable today. To ask why I was painting a pastorate during the invasion of Normandy is not unreasonable. A nation at war has least indulgence for the artist. Circumstances sheltered me from this last catastrophe, but I am aware of those whom it did not so favor. The youth who passed through this war that we foresaw and could have prevented, will not easily recover the resilience and trust necessary to create. We may well look back on this period not wondering at the quality of work produced, but that it was produced at all. Therein resides a great miracle of humanity.

Who can claim that the above is a mere preoccupation with sociology or politics? Our childish science swiped a page from the comic-books and now enables us to blow up the world with a lever. The potentials of destruction, poverty, and terror are created and reside in the very heart of our nation. Although the simplest problems of economic security are too complex for us, we are able to benight the world with a new projectile—for freedom and a better life. Thus it is not sociology that is the preoccu-

pation, it is art, and sometimes it seems a trivial one indeed.

If our work is not seen, or we are misunderstood, or we fear incompetence, then we claim to paint for posterity, for ourselves, or for whatever will best promote our energies. Posterity is a fiction insofar as a living man is concerned, the blithe Atomic Age can only amplify its illusory factors, and engender the man who nurses this fiction with a pathetic irony.

Art presumes stability in society; it presumes the artist's faith in humankind. If there are no walls he will paint no pictures. If he must flee destruction, he will think of little but survival. There are no artists in Hiroshima.

I was born in Seattle during the war in 1917, achieved adolescence with the depression and perhaps some maturity with this war. About the time of my sixth year of school, we kids began to scrutinize the world of our parents and found that it was not so solid as we were lead to believe. As children will, we often debated many serious problems; the imminence of a Japanese invasion (the Seattle water-front was piled with scrap-iron), or the perennial Bolshevik menace, as well as many other things. With high school we witnessed the comical rise of Hitler, and observed our betrayal of the Spanish Republic—and still watched the boatloads of iron for Japan.

The day I left the West for New York, Britain declared war on Germany. As I was crossing Canada it was mobilizing for war. On the same train were many Canadian legislators en route



Pickens: THE ACTOR AND HIS FAMILY, 1945, oil on canvas, 42 7/8 x 35. Buchholz Gallery

to Ottawa, and they wondered what we in America would do.

In New York, the dangerous city of free-thinkers, I discovered the ghetto when I became an inhabitant of it. I found family homes in hallways, with toilets for springwater; old Jews who fled the pogroms of Russia; Italians, Poles; all finding a desolate freedom here.

On looking back, I see that all along the way there were people who aided me in my attempt to survive, and who encouraged me in my work. There was a doctor who gave medical care, musicians and professional men who gave freely whatever was in their power. They were the people cast out by the Nazis, the handful that we deemed important enough to grant them shelter.

My painting concerns itself with man and the traumata of his life. Now he constructs and lives by an unending chain of fables, each with its own completeness and each unrelated. There are some to whom the configurations of a pin-ball machine are more comprehensible than the mere expediency of survival. Some live in the sinister lie of the films and perceive no reality beyond the

ticket-box. Do we see the courts of law for their claims to justice, or for what they execute? Or perceive a nation's posturing of democracy and ignore its practices? I cannot paint reality for what it pretends to be or for what I think it should be. I attempt to capture the warping of the truth and the fiction into one schismatic reality. The limitations of my skill and perception compel me to select the minutest aspect of this phantasmagoria, often constituting only a strange ritual of manners, real but senseless. Underlying all is the consciousness that each new hour verifies another intangible—the feeling of imminence and threat that follows our lives and pursues the life of any sentient man.

In art, obscurity is the vogue, disaster is the watchword, and exhibitionism shows well in a gallery. All this sells your picture to the elite who can buy and who dictate the taste. Only one criterion remains authentic: that if one lives and can be an artist, it is the remembrance of this and of our contemporaries who disappeared in the latest debacle which makes us know that the artist has more than just a responsibility to his art.

THE IMAGE MAKERS

BY STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER

THE making of images has always been obscurely felt by man as meddling with the forces of magic—with the attributes of divinity, with those forces which are irresistible and uncontrollable by the individual. The legendary power given to, or frequently stolen by the image maker, was often avenged by the Gods upon him in injury, deformity, or mutilation (Daedalus and Prometheus).

It is entirely reasonable that two attitudes developed in reaction to this feeling—the bolder which would grasp the power latent in the making of images, and the more timid which would not dare, but which might even carry out the vengeance of the Gods by destroying the images, and even the makers. The intermediate position was that in which certain categories of image making were accepted, with certain definite interdictions, most characteristically the reproduction of the human (or divine) form (man having always made gods in his own image), and apparently in Magdalenean art the interdiction of representing man or beast fullface.

The monotheist peoples have generally had either the interdiction of image making or a severe restriction of the means by which images could be made. Such were the Israelites after the time of Moses, and the Arabs even before Mohammed. Otherwise the peoples who occupied the Mediterranean area have consistently been makers of images—pantheists, but not perhaps as whole hearted idolaters as the Semitic peoples in their occasional lapses.

The recent and very remarkable exhibition of the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore of 3rd to 16th century art demonstrated the process of domination of the Semitic (or Christian) restriction in the making of images over the Mediterranean spirit. The earliest works shown, though described as early Christian, were of course pantheistic and pagan, conforming very little to the principles of the church. The Divinity is shown as a beardless figure, and has the characteristics of a Greek god. The development of what is called Byzantine art marks the slow conquest of the hieratic, formalized expression, where the attributes of the figure and the concept of its function practically replace its individuality, even its existence as a personalized object. During the interlude of iconoclasm in the 8th and 9th centuries, the destruction of the images could thus be seen as the exaggeration of the Semitic limitation; it testifies to the attitude toward a fetish, an idol having power in itself, and not deriving power from successful imitation.

For many years the study of Byzantine culture suffered from one of the sweeping simplifications of history for which Gibbon was responsible. In his determination to show the history of empire as an uninterrupted decline from the Augustan age until the final extinction of the very name of Rome, the history of the decline had to be stretched to a much longer period than its growth and success. Thus, in this over-extended decline, the youth, maturity, and extinction of more than one complete culture and movement of thought were buried. With the Augustan age Greek art was already confined within narrow limits. No additions were made to its means; the chryselephantine use of varied stones and materials in its sculpture were merely inherited from the Greek. Its function was to demonstrate power and wealth, the latter having become the measure of power. Life, joy, and exuberance are

MR. HAYTER IS THE ENGLISH-BORN PAINTER AND PRINT-MAKER WHO NOW CONDUCTS HIS "STUDIO 17" SCHOOL IN NEW YORK CITY.



Northern Syria, ASTARTE (Goddess of Fertility), 5th Century bronze. Height: 7¾". William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City.



Byzantine, manuscript illumination, ST. LUKE AND ST. JOHN. 14th Century. 6½ x 9⅞". Collection of the Walters Art Museum, Baltimore, Maryland. Collection of the Walters Art Museum, Baltimore, Maryland.

gone with it. Still, as with the art of Greece, the work itself was an object. Thus it is linked closely with the primitive magic by imitation rather than with the order of the making of images having power in themselves. With the dissolution of the ties between Western Rome and the Levant a definitely oriental form appears. The "Astarte" from Syria—the area where interchange between Asia and Europe was at its greatest, where fusion was most complete—immediately recalls Cypriote sculpture, the Akkadian that followed the Sumerian in Irak.

The final development in the first great Byzantine epoch (6th century) shows us an art in which the object was insignificant, an art of concept in which the means of expression were subordinated to the demonstration of the idea shown. Deformation, for a totally different purpose than the simplification in "geometric" Greek sculpture, becomes common—and the emotive power of the image becomes more important than its verisimilitude, or its representation of an object. That such images would lend themselves to actual worship is obvious, the qualities sought were directly the qualities of the fetish, of the idol that works. The peoples of Asia Minor and Palestine (and the Arabs of today) fluctuated between iconoclasm and idolatry: the strict interdiction of

the representation of man or God exists side by side with complete faith in the power of charms and amulets. It is in many ways surprising that Egypt can be included in this category, nor that Italy on the whole can be excluded from it.

As the most powerful organization of its time, the early Christian church had adopted and controlled—had even regulated and codified—the use of this effective but dangerous force. As the roots of the church sprang from pantheistic as well as monotheistic people, both currents existed in it. From 714 to 843 the iconoclasts (monotheists in deviation) triumphed and in hieratic art no representation of the form of saintly or divine figures was allowed; in fact many such images were destroyed. It is interesting that at this moment the Eastern empire, under the brilliant leadership of Leo the Isaurian, had defeated the greatly superior forces of the Arabs, themselves the strictest partisans of iconoclasm.

But as Herbert Read has pointed out, beside a hieratic art controlled and applied for purposes of power by a dominant religion or government (or both as in Egypt) there often exists a lay art, freed from its restraints. This does not mean a species of "popular art" like that of the "naïf" painters of today, existing beside a mature and sophisticated expression



*Juan Gris: STILL LIFE, 1911,
oil on canvas, 23½ x 19¾".
The Museum of Modern Art.*

Both forms of art may be of serious worth. The lay art of early Byzantine times which continued to exist during the iconoclast times, was Hellenistic, Pantheist—and it must have served to preserve the skills and equipment of those artists who were to continue Byzantine art after the 9th century.

The strict regimentation of form and organization, the triangular "pyramid" composition contrasted with the "Triumph" frieze of Roman art, the concealment of the body by the vestments, the bold but formalized presentation gave to the act of image making the sense of ritual, of dedication. The rigid manner of presenting the building in the painting of the risen Christ, sometimes called Byzantine perspective, I think must be seen otherwise. The preoccupation of Western art since the Renaissance with the representation of a temporary visual image (with which optical perspective is involved) has led us to confuse an art of concept with an art of imitation of appearances. In the example shown, the organization of parallel elements which turn where the structure might have a corner—where as many sides of the object are exhibited as may be necessary for the expression of the idea—is used as a setting for the predominant figure, and the intervals permit the presentation (on a scale of their importance, not of perspec-

tive) of minor figures in two groups, related strictly to the function of the central figure. Thus the acceptance by the artist of a strict limitation in the elements to be used in his work, like the acceptance of an extremely simplified (or abstract) statement with the artist of today, is in no way against the development of the unlimited possibilities of an art of relation.

The Byzantine artist, prevented by the condition of his work from elaborating upon the object which he was representing, had his attention fixed rather upon the picture, sculpture, or mosaic itself. The allusion to concrete objects employed in making his image is clearly subordinated to its organization for its function as idea. It is this quality in Byzantine art that has interested the contemporary artist. The Byzantine manner of representing a cube reappears with the synthetic phase of cubism in its concentration on form within the picture space rather than upon the allusion to objects from which it may have been derived, as in the painting by Juan Gris. This emphasis on the intrinsic qualities of the picture as image or fetish, to the exclusion of the element of imitation of phenomenal form, has characterized those movements in modern art which succeeded the cubists.



Cooper Union, south facade showing St. Gaudens' statue of Peter Cooper.

COOPER UNION

BY ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

OVER 300,000 students attended American art schools in 1946-1947. According to the 1940 decennial census the United States has more than 50,000 professional artists. But the present writer's survey for this magazine ("Why Can't America Afford Art?", Jan., 1946) revealed all too clearly that art is still not an organic part of the American economy. Which poses some questions: Should our schools educate more artists? Or should they divert hopeful talent from art? And if so, to what? On the other hand, if youth must work out its own salvation, as is so often said, is there any wisdom that formal education can offer?

Yes, Peter Cooper answered a century ago. Today the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art stands witness to the man who foresaw 1947 trends in education. Vitally concerned with enlarging opportunities for working people to improve themselves and better their material condition, this nineteenth century American manufacturer, entrepreneur and philanthropist gave almost two million dollars to found one of the country's earliest free institutions for college education. Coupling science and art as subjects of study, Peter Cooper pioneered. In the almost 90 years since, Cooper Union has revised its studies as necessary; but the founder's basic objectives have been respected.

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ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND, A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR, IS THE AUTHOR OF MANY ARTICLES AND SEVERAL BOOKS ON AMERICAN ART AND CULTURE, INCLUDING "CHANGING NEW YORK," ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERENICE ABBOTT. MORE RECENTLY SHE EDITED THE BOOK, "WORK FOR ARTISTS," PUBLISHED LAST SPRING BY THE AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP, NEW YORK.

In 1947, the Foundation Building stands at Astor Place as staunch as when it was opened in 1859. Today this free school works its plants at capacity twelve hours a day. In its classrooms, laboratories, studios, library, and museum, over 2,000 young men and women, admitted by examination without reference to class, race, creed, or color, obtain free training in art and engineering, while many hundreds more carry on their adult education in the forums and extension courses of the division of social philosophy.

Cooper Union has no campus and no "campus life"; but it has life within its view. Change is ever overtaking the city; yet the stream of New York constantly ebbs and flows past Cooper Union's eclectic facade. Crowded crosstown buses shuttle past. From its southward-facing seventh-story windows, one looks down to watch the rambunctious "El" swing and curve to Chinatown along the Bowery. Distant a stone's throw is Wanamaker's, one of America's early department stores.

Why is this monument of more than casual interest? It is not an antiquarian passion which leads one to the Cooper Union Art School and the ideas behind it. Clues to the problems of the day lie in the roots of American life, we believe. Now, when the tissue of that life is being examined, education is not exempt from scrutiny. This means art education, too. In the general examination, Cooper Union presents itself as a rare if not unique phenomenon—not least in the remarkable enthusiasm and loyalty its teachers show.

Today its program provides free instruction through the art school, the school of engineering, the division of social philosophy, the museum of the arts of decoration, and the library and reading room. By a liberal interpretation of the deed of trust

these are organic and collateral. Peter Cooper pioneered, we say, in coupling science and art; the modern separation between technics and the humanities reflects an artificial duality. Art in America suffers from a time-lag; yet science has been put to work in America, from the beginning, both for gain and for human well-being. In the present critical period, when society must be revalued if man is to survive, education has begun to piece together humpty-dumpty concepts inherited from other cultures and centuries, no simple task. Peter Cooper anticipated the trend a hundred years ago.

Cooper was born on February 12, 1791, in Little Dock Street, New York, the fifth of nine children. His parents were John Cooper, a hatmaker of Fishkill, New York, who at the outbreak of the Revolution enlisted at once and became a lieutenant in the Dutchess County Militia, and Margaret Campbell, daughter of a deputy quartermaster-general in the Revolutionary armies. At the time of Peter's birth, John Cooper was conducting a hatshop, not far from John Jacob Astor's fur-store. He also sold groceries, taking most of his payment in barter. Soon after, the Coopers moved to Peekskill, where the father supported the family by working as hatter, storekeeper, shoemaker, farmer, and brewer. Peter went to school, he told one biographer, only "three or four quarters." A year's schooling was his formal education.

The records show, however, that he educated himself in many practical ways, early revealing his mechanical gifts. At 17 he was apprenticed to New York's leading coach-builder, contracting to work for board and \$25 a year. New York then had a population of about 80,000. So Peter Cooper set out to learn a trade, and in the course of learning it began his career as an inventor. His education was as characteristic of his period as Henry Adams' was of his.

In "Abram S. Hewitt," the official biography of Cooper's son-in-law, Allen Nevins writes as follows: "In our admiration for the venturesome wilderness hunter in fringed buckskin and the heroic frontier farmer in homespun, we are wont to forget the pioneer industrialist . . . Among them all . . . none was more typical than Peter Cooper. . . .

"He was typical of the pioneering or experimental age in American industry; of the period when new devices, new processes, new combinations were worked out by trial and error; of a time of wild hopes, ludicrous miscalculations, blank uncertainties; of an alternation of incredible advances with interludes like 1815-18 when the United States seemed fated to remain permanently a rural nation, of dazzling gains and ghastly losses. In this period industry needed most of all the adventurer and the versatile experimenter.

"In Peter Cooper it found such a man, and much more . . . In youth a painstaking workman, he always remained essentially a master craftsman . . . , and to him the ideal society was one of capable, independent farmers and craftsmen. In brief, he united certain characteristics of the old rural age with other characteristics of the new industrial era. He became the head of great undertakings, a multi-millionaire, a national power; yet even in later years the tall, keen-eyed, long-jawed gentleman . . . , immaculate in white chin-whiskers, black stock, and frock coat, gave the impression of being ready at any moment to drive a bolt, put a belt on a pulley, or correct a blue-print. Like Horace Greeley, he kept the tang of the rural atmosphere in which he had been reared."

Reference books write the story of Peter Cooper's life no less impressively. The glue business he started in his twenties grew till it supplied almost the entire American market. In 1830 he built from his own designs the first railway locomotive constructed in the United States, the Tom Thumb; and its success



Abraham Lincoln delivering his Cooper Union address.



North facade of Cooper Union. Architect's rendering, 1853.

Peter Cooper (seated) pays his respects to a class of his "Art School for Respectable Females." Photograph of the 1860's.



on trial runs on the Baltimore and Ohio probably saved the road from bankruptcy. The rolling mill he built in New York he soon moved to Trenton, where he made it the largest in the country. Wire mills, bridge works, and chain shops were added; and iron and coal mines were bought in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Blast furnaces and foundries were erected in Phillipsburg and Ringwood, N. J., and at Durham, Pa. At the Trenton mill, anthracite coal was first used for puddling in 1840, and in 1856 the Bessemer process was first used in America at the Phillipsburg furnace. "Cooper," writes the Columbia Encyclopedia, "was the chief figure in the iron business in America in the transition period between the early local manufacture and the modern centralized industry."

Out of this busy and productive life sprang the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art. For Peter Cooper, like many another prototype of the modern tycoon, felt an obligation to turn back to the community part of the wealth he had had from it. As New York had grown from 80,000 in 1808 to more than 300,000 in 1846, so had Cooper's holdings grown. The Peter Cooper papers include a brown notebook, labeled "Committee on Arts and Sciences," which gives an idea of his rise to financial power. In 1833, he counted his fortune at \$123,459; in 1846 it was \$385,500. Cooper Union was on the way.

Existing accounts do not give a clear picture of how Peter Cooper conceived his free school for working class young men and women. Education, of course, was in the air. In 1829 the New York Working Men's Party presented a number of demands including "A system which shall enable all before the age of twenty-one, to acquire a competent knowledge of the language of their country, arithmetic, geography, history, natural philosophy, geometry and chemistry, as applied to the arts." Also in the 1820's Emma Willard and Catharine Beecher were pioneering in education for women, and Mary Lyon in the 1830's. Horace Mann was at work in Massachusetts from 1837 to 1848. Paralleling the consolidation of capitalism then rapidly taking place was a drive for greater political, economic, and social democracy. Utopian movements preceded the Civil War, and reform movements followed it in reaction to the industrialization of America and resultant grave abuses. Cooper was, we know, a friend of DeWitt Clinton, who helped found New York's public school system. But it is probably more historic to assume that Cooper's philanthropy reflected main currents of thought at that time, even as his inventiveness reflected the complex multiple social origins of invention in the embryonic technological society.

Everywhere the urge for self-improvement was great. Mechanics' institutes, workingmen's and merchants' libraries, lectures for factory and shop workers, all were in favor. The Boston Apprentices' Library was formed in 1820, and the Boston Mechanics' Institute in 1826. Lowell (Mass.) Institute in 1836 and Cooper Union in New York in 1859 continued the trend. Lyceum and Chautauqua were also important factors in adult education, while free public libraries grew up to parallel free public schools. Such was the cultural climate in which Peter Cooper matured his plans and amassed funds to put them into effect.

The Foundation Building is itself a story. Peter Cooper planned it for years before he accumulated sufficient funds to start construction. From 1825 to 1854, his fortune had been growing, as said before. In 1846, it had more than tripled in a decade; and again in 1856, the same rate of increase was recorded. By that date, he had property valued at \$1,106,000, according to his own notebook, and he added "I make no account of block of ground and holding on Astor Place worth

\$500,000." Even this for that time munificent benefaction was not enough to carry out his plans. Fortunately circumstances intervened which added to his resources for the project.

By 1854, the cornerstone was laid; but delays followed, and it was five years before the building was completed and ready for use. How sound a master craftsman Peter Cooper was may be judged from the fact that today, almost a century later, the building is still sound and sturdy. With some earlier alterations and the \$75,000 job of renovation completed this past summer, the Foundation Building will probably do business at the old stand for a second century.

It stands on an asymmetrical site, which Cooper acquired lot by lot from 1825 on. All the art classes are held here, while most of the engineering classes are housed in the Hewitt Building, erected in 1912, which is located farther east and south on Third Avenue. Linking the two is the little park in which stands Saint-Gaudens' full-length statue of the founder. The Third Avenue "El" rumbles by, last surviving elevated railway, New York's immortal contribution to rapid transit for city dwellers. Legend has it that when this line was opened in 1879, Cooper sent a bill for \$540 to Cyrus W. Field, president of the company and one of his associates in the Atlantic cable enterprise, to reimburse Cooper Union for the expense of moving a dozen classrooms from the Third-Avenue side of the building to the Fourth. Poor boys and girls who went to Cooper Union should not have their educational opportunities cut down for the profit of the "El," he stated. Today the thunder of the "El" is still violent. Ventilating fans in the closed east-side windows admit as much noise as air; and it is hard to hear when swaying cars racket past. It will be a happy day for Cooper Union when the "El" comes down.

At Cooper's insistence, Architect Frederick A. Peterson used many novel features in the building plans, including wrought-iron beams for strength and lightness, a pioneering construction method at that date, as Bogardus had only begun to use cast-iron beams in 1850. The first lot of these, made at the Trenton works, was sold to Harper and Brothers for a new building to replace the one burned in December, 1853, and so Peter Cooper had a hand in the first large fireproof building in the country. The building of Cooper Union was delayed again when the family firm supplied the federal government with beams for the New York Assay Office. Finally, however, Cooper Union itself was supplied, and by the end of 1856 the building was nearly finished. Meanwhile the Trenton beams became standard building material for much government construction and commercial building, enabling the company to ride out the disastrous panic of 1857.

The design reveals Peter Cooper's inventiveness. Not only was it novel to think of erecting a six story building of brick, iron, and stone. Many new features were planned, the circular elevator shaft being but one of these. The Otis passenger elevator was only two years old when Cooper Union was finished. Did Peter Cooper know of this when he planned his building? Or, prophetically and independently, did he anticipate that invention?

Besides the facilities for an elevator, Cooper planned a system of mechanical ventilation, stores on the first two floors whose rentals would augment the school's income, the great hall in the basement, a roof garden, and a cosmorama.

Not all these ideas were carried out, however, for Cooper was persuaded to revise them by his advisers, foremost among them being Hewitt. A free reading room took the museum's place; and the huge stuffed whale which Cooper had bought for his museum finally found a home in the American Museum of Natural History, where today it still floats in eerie half-light

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above the special exhibition hall. The space planned for the cosmorama was made into a laboratory, and the roof garden abandoned. According to Rossiter, Cooper repented this last change.

Cooper Union was now ready to start life. It was not, despite later pressures and trends, intended to be a trade school. On the contrary, Peter Cooper's ideas about education for working people were as advanced as they were novel. The Cooper Union charter not only outlined an overall plan for the new educational institution: it set forth general principles of considerable interest today. Chief among these was Cooper's emphasis on social and political science, which the charter stated "shall have the preference over all the other objects of expenditure specified herein, in case there shall not be means adequate for them all, and shall forever stand pre-eminent among them."

It continued with a statement of general purposes set forth in a five-point program, as follows. Its funds were to be devoted, as far as possible, to provide "1. . . . regular courses of instruction, at night, free to all who shall attend the same, . . . on the application of science to the useful occupations of life, on social and political science, meaning thereby not merely the science of political economy, but the science and philosophy of a just and equitable form of government, based upon the great fundamental law that nations and men should do unto each other as they would be done by, and on such other branches of knowledge as . . . will tend to improve and elevate the working classes of the City of New York.

"2. To the support and maintenance of a free reading-room, of galleries of art, and of scientific collections, designed, . . . to improve and instruct those classes of the inhabitants of the City of New York, whose occupations are such as . . . to deprive them of proper recreation and instruction.

"3. To provide and maintain a school for the instruction of respectable females in the arts of design, and, . . . to afford to respectable females instruction in such other art or trade as will tend to furnish them suitable employment.

"4. As soon as, . . . funds . . . will warrant such an expenditure, such funds shall be appropriated to the establishment and maintenance of a thorough polytechnic school; . . . equal to the best technological schools now established, or hereafter to be established.

"5. To provide rooms, . . . suitable for the offices of a society to be organized, . . . and to be called 'The Associates of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art.'"

Today these purposes, with the exception of Point 5, have been realized, and thrive.

That they do so, may well be due to the fact that Peter Cooper was not only an inventor and by that token a practical man, but that he was also, and perhaps especially, a dreamer and a philosopher. His theories of education and the good life are developed more fully in the letter accompanying the Trust Deed for Cooper Union. The literary style of this document is also a part of the story of Cooper Union. I therefore quote from it at length.

With an idealistic, humanitarian aspiration, he wrote: "My feelings, my desires, my hopes, embrace humanity throughout the world: and, if it were in my power, I would bring all mankind to see and feel that there is an almighty power and beauty in goodness. . . . My earnest desire is to make this building and institution contribute in every way possible to unite all in one common effort to improve each and every human being."

To that end, Peter Cooper sought to promote the life of the mind. "The great object I desire to accomplish by the establishment of an institution devoted to the advancement of science and art, is to open the volume of nature by the light of truth—so unveiling the laws and methods of Deity, that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Being 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.'"

With his humanitarian hopes, Peter Cooper turned to the less privileged members of humanity—the working classes and "the female portion of the community," as especially requiring education, self-improvement and education. "I desire," he wrote, "to make this institution contribute in every way to aid the efforts of youth to acquire useful knowledge, and to find and fill that place in the community where their capacity and talents can be usefully employed with the greatest possible advantage to themselves and the community in which they live."

As for the so-called "woman question," that also engaged his sympathies. Writing a decade after the Seneca Falls Equal Rights convention, he stated his "deep interest and sympathy . . . in all that can advance the happiness and better the condition of the female part of the community, and especially of those who are dependent on honest labor for support."

He went on to amplify the point: "In order to better the condition of women and to widen the sphere of female employment, I have provided seven rooms to be forever devoted to a Female School of Design, . . . It is the ardent wish of my heart that this school of design shall be the means of raising to competence and comfort thousands of those that might otherwise struggle through a life of poverty and suffering."

Finally, he stated his fundamental belief that American democratic institutions must be conserved and developed by an enlightened and educated electorate, developing this point at great length: "Believing that instruction in the science and philosophy of a true republican government, formed, as it should be, of the people and for the people, in all its operations is suited to the common wants of our nature, and absolutely necessary to preserve and secure the rights and liberties of all; that such a government, rightly understood and wisely administered, will most effectually stimulate industry and afford the best means possible to improve and elevate our race, by giving security and value to all forms of human labor; that it is on the right understanding and application of this science, based as it is on the golden rule, that eternal principle of truth and justice that unites the individual, the community, the state and the nation in one common purpose and interest, binding all to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them . . ."

Cooper's ideas had to be implemented in an actual course of study, and this the trustees did immediately. The first instruction offered included "the branches of knowledge . . . practically applied in . . . daily occupations, . . . personal hygiene, . . . social and political science" and, finally, "instruction addressed to the eye, the ear, and the imagination, . . . to furnish a reasonable and healthy recreation to the working classes."

Night classes were organized at once in pure and applied mathematics, chemistry, natural philosophy, theoretical and practical mechanics, architectural, mechanical and freehand drawing, and theoretical and practical vocal music. From the beginning more would-be students applied for admission than

could be accepted. In 1860, 1165 pupils were admitted to the various classes. Despite the onset of the Civil War, Cooper Union grew. By the end of the war, in 1865, it had nearly 1500 students. Already, in May 1864, Cooper Union's first "graduates" had completed the five-year course—"two clerks, an engraver, a machinist, and a coachmaker." They "were given not only diplomas but medals." Today the medals have been dispensed with but students completing the course of study receive certificates, inscribed by members of the calligraphy course.

"A noteworthy feature" of Cooper Union, wrote one of its chroniclers, "was the complete obliteration of all distinctions of class, creed, race, or sex." Thus the school's official records do not tell us if a Negro student had entered Cooper Union before the Civil War, or when its first Jewish student entered. Considering Peter Cooper's concern for the "female portion of the community," we know that women were accepted at once.

The Cooper business had ridden out the panic of 1857 successfully by conservative business practices: keeping a supply of ready money on hand, laying off employees at the mills, taking any orders that could be had. How would the firm weather the storm of war? And how would Cooper Union be affected?

Early in 1860, on February 27, Lincoln made his historic Cooper Union speech in the arched and vaulted Great Hall. Under the auspices of the Young Men's Central Republican Club of New York, he spoke from the platform which would later offer open forum to many new and often unpopular ideas. Lincoln was reported no more cordially, at that time, than the abolitionists William Cullen Bryant and William Lloyd Garrison or the later, much vituperated feminist, Virginia Woodhull, who in 1872 ran for President on the People's Party ticket. He was among the first of a distinguished roster, which included Harriet Beecher Stowe, Horace Greeley and others. Today the Great Hall still offers a rostrum for many opinions, ranging from the American Federation of Arts to the Teachers Union.

As the crisis of civil war matured, Peter Cooper and his son-in-law made their choice as industrialists and citizens. Early in 1861, Hewitt gave orders to ship no iron to the South for war purposes. A little later he would go to England—in March, 1862—to ferret out technical information about methods of manufacturing gun metal, and would be cited by the War Department for his patriotic services. Peter Cooper, equally devoted to the Union cause, spoke at meetings, subscribed to war loans, paid for a considerable number of substitutes, and finally, in 1864, won over the state of New York for the Lincoln ticket.

(This is the first of three articles on Cooper Union by Miss McCausland. A bibliography of sources will be appended to the concluding article.)

Art is a fruit growing out of man, like the fruit out of the plant, like the child out of the mother. While the fruit of the plant assumes independent forms and never strives to resemble a balloon or a president in a cutaway, the artistic fruit of man shows for the most part a ridiculous ambition to imitate the appearance of other things. I like nature but not its substitutes. Illusionistic art is a substitute for nature.—Hans Arp

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Geometry of Art and Life. By Matila Ghyka. Sheed and Ward, Inc., New York, 1946. 174 pages, 80 plates. \$4.

When a Greek painter, heady with success, signed his pictures "He whose works are divine," a wag, by the change of a few letters, made it read, "He who shakes a hot stick," in derisive allusion to the cuisine of encaustic painting. As in antiquity, the modern artist remains split wide between the physical job of art-making and the spiritual heights of esthetic contemplation. Probably the safest attitude for the practising artist is to stick close to what in art overlaps artisanship and to disclaim any magic power to usher other folk up the steep rungs of art enjoyment.

In the Paris of the 1920's, cubism was, on the part of the painters, an attempted return to commonsense. If lines and color areas be the means of painting, then why pretend that the canvas was a meadow and a spot of brown pigment a cow. The increasing process of rationalization that brought a re-estimate of the painter's means was bound to sidepass the more unpredictable element, color, in favor of line and especially of those lines that can be obtained with ruler and compass, and that are thus drained *a priori* of the personal idiosyncrasies that it was the cubist's aim to shake off.

Thus geometry appeared to the painter as the possible common ground where the rationality of science could permeate art, its temperamental and repentant brother. The scientific training of most painters is shaky, but with the help of mechanical aids artists managed to introduce in their pictures enough straight lines and related angles to give them a geometric flavor.

Naturally, the cubist looked at nature to find a justification for his doings, but what he saw was disappointing. With the strict state of mind to be expected from a convert, nature seemed to him a very loose affair. The painter frowned at the old standards of beauty, the swan, the rose, the sunset, and looking everywhere for cubes, cones, and cylinders decided that what he had in mind was superior in its purity to what Mother Nature had to offer. Started as an exercise in commonsense, the search ended in abstractions and the weaning away from everyday optics.

When Matila Ghyka's first version of "L'Esthetique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts" appeared, it justified the painter's dim instinct that saw in geometry a ground common to science and art. It did much (even if we only absorbed its text by a kind of mental osmosis) to reconcile us to the sights of Nature. I remember with what surprise I discovered that the sun flower—made by Van Gogh into a kind of expressionistic soul-mirror and rejected as impossibly romantic by the cubists—grows along a pattern of logarithmic spiral. To learn that the decreasing size ratio of the vertebrae of the neck of a swan can be interpreted mathematically made us humble, as it suggested that the foundation of beauty, even postcard beauty, went deep into this Pythagorean realm of numbers at whose threshold we stood, Ghyka's book in hand and dunce caps securely screwed over our bohemian wigs.

An important section of the book refers to the geometric leitmotif that links the different periods of art making. Under the skin of style—classical, gothic, renaissance, modern—a few choice proportions, a few mathematical beats, constitute the common denominator.

The faithful who kneeled in a gothic cathedral, the metallic assertions of a Ucello painting, the French finesse of a Seurat, all owe something to the golden proportion. As this is not an obvious element of the work, one is justified in speaking of esoteric knowledge. But one should be careful not to mistake the hidden with the obscure, and not to attribute to numbers supreme spiritual qualities. This may be right in the case of a Pythagoras who deals in metaphysics, but the painter is at work only when his hands are at work. To be fruitful, his meditations must be short and to the point, and a certain mumbo-jumbo that has crept over art geometry, saddling it with quasimystical properties will perforce leave the practicing artist unmoved. Golden proportion, harmonic door, Egyptian triangle, furnish him with a set of handy recipes no more mysterious than those to be found in a cookbook. A good cookbook put to action procures substantial delight, and the painter who uses the diagrams proposed by Ghyka will commune through these mechanical means with ways whose soundness is already proved by the flower, the crystal, the sea-shell, etc.

That the method is not foolproof is proved by some of the illustrations. That it is an open channel to mood appears from the dissimilar results that Guardi, Seurat, Dürer, and Villard de Honnecourt obtained from the same preoccupation.

Rereading the book in its new form and at this date, I find that the same truths acquire new resonances. In between time, an American mural renaissance has forced many painters to experience, as they fit a skin of color over the inner space of a building, the inescapable order inherent to the thrust of its verticals, the level of its horizontals, the abstract relationships between width, height and depth. If at all gifted with a sense of fitness, the mural painter will work in accordance with the painting's permanent habitat, feel hemmed in by the resistivity of materials and the why of proportions. Ghyka's book, though it bypasses the peculiar problems of mural painting, will prove useful to muralists in search of the magic that may match the illusive painted world with the reality of an architecture.

—JEAN CHARLOT.

An Early Manuscript of the Aesop's Fables of Avianus and Related Manuscripts. By Adolph Goldschmidt. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey, 1947. 63 pages, plus 61 plates. \$6.

This is fine and scholarly work devoted to the minute and revealing study of several very early examples of manuscript illumination. Until quite recently the study of these manuscripts has remained virtually neglected. The author was one of the pioneers in the study of early medieval art and iconography. The parallelism technique in this brilliant work proves a most stimulating departure from the usual research technique.

The chief subject dealt with is a sixth century illuminated manuscript of "Aesop's Fables." The author also contrasts some earlier iconography with the sixth century examples. He traces the subsequent development of the "Aesop's Fables" manuscript in Gothic illumination. Goldschmidt shows the earlier illustrations to be derived from Roman models of the sixth century. This work was done by craftsmen of the school of Vienne in the Dauphine. As an art form, the manuscript, as Goldschmidt points out, appears to be one of the fountainheads of a great genre and secular school of painting in France.

Upon study, one can easily see that these naive yet moving designs have evoked a deep and sympathetic regard among the Fauvistic schools of painting. Here one finds a most sanguine tendency to disregard academic tenets of good drawing and visual representation. These tendencies are found in most of our modern art. Obviously, much of the finished technique and some of the iconography of the Roman models was rejected for a vital, basic sense of plainness and function—all of which augured well for the growth of a vigorous style.

Many other parallels to modern esthetic principles will impress the student of contemporary art, among which are found multiple visualization, rhythmical and automatic calligraphy as well as a completely childlike unselfconsciousness. This is definitely the point of departure in esthetic evolution which so many modern painters wish to re-discover and re-experience.

Certainly this particular collection of illuminations sheds a new light on the elementary plastic directions of an extremely natural expression in art.

—HARRY CARNOHAN.

American Watercolor and Winslow Homer. By Lloyd Goodrich. The Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. American Artists Group, New York, 1945. 109 pages and 72 plates. \$2.

In 1945 the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, the Detroit Institute of Arts, and the Brooklyn Museum held an exhibition showing the naturalistic tradition in American watercolor. Mr. Daniel S. Denenbacher, director of the Walker Art Center, originally suggested the exhibition. It was his idea that a permanent record in book form rather than the conventional catalogue should be written. Lloyd Goodrich of the Whitney Museum of American Art, author of "Winslow Homer" and "Thomas Eakins," was asked to select the pictures for the exhibition and write this book. The Walker Art Center is the publisher and the American Artists Group the distributor. The results are both a catalogue which really interprets the exhibition to the visitor, and a history of a trend in American watercolor which is of permanent interest.

This is a type of exhibition catalogue which should be encouraged. Every picture in the exhibition is illustrated and placed as close as possible to the place where it is associated with the text. The index of artists and lenders at the end of the book gives the date, size, and owner of each picture. Thus the statistics which are usually the main part of an exhibition catalogue are given second place, and the introduction, which is generally only a few pages at best, is expanded into the main theme of the book.

Goodrich's purpose is to show the naturalistic tradition in American watercolor as represented by some of the leading artists, and to show the growth of watercolor into a major medium in this country. He does not aim to give a complete history of American watercolor or painting. "The word 'naturalistic' is used in the widest sense, to include not only artists who, like Homer, paint in a style close to natural appearances, but also those who, like Marin, depart radically from natural appearances, but retain a very direct relation to nature." Winslow Homer, because he was the one who did the most to raise watercolor to the artistic level of oil, is the center of the book. It also covers his contemporaries: Innes, Eakins, and LaFarge. Of those who came later the author has chosen Prendergast, Marin, Hopper, Burchfield, Dehn, and Marsh.

This book is delightful reading, the style is simple and direct, the meaning very clear. Rarely are facts and sensitive interpretation so successfully combined.

—ALICE FARLEY WILLIAMS.

History of Photography. By Josef Maria Eder, translated by Edward Epstean. New York, Columbia University Press, 1945. xx, 860 pp. Frontispiece, with a biography of the author by Hinricus Lüppo-Cramer. \$10.00.

Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man: Mathew B. Brady. By Roy Meredith. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1946. xiii, 368 pp. 135 ill. Bibliography. \$7.50.

Photography, even more than the traditional "fine" arts of painting and sculpture, is encompassed in trailing clouds of confusion. Whereas the history of painting, say, has customarily been written from the point of view of attribution, iconography and all the machinery of expertizing, the history of photography has been written, by and large, solely from the point of view of techniques or inventions. Two notable exceptions to the generalization come to mind—Beaumont Newhall's "Photography: A Short Critical History," conceived from the philosophico-expressive point of view, and Robert Taft's "Photography and the American Scene," conceived from the point of view of the social historian. Both are illuminating and provocative, though they cover smaller areas than Eder's encyclopedic work.

One does not, however, turn to Eder for a philosophy of the use of photography. Of the human, social and creative functions of the modern photographic visual medium, one will learn only by inference or by reading between the lines of the monumental amount of data amassed by the Austrian historian. It would seem by the evidence of this volume—which has all the genuine allure to be had by flipping the pages of dictionary or encyclopedia—that the literature of photography is at an evolutionary stage comparable with the literature of *Belles Lettres* if that were to confine itself to the grammar and syntax of language.

In other words, Eder-Epstean is a mine of information, a copious manual of facts, a kind of un-blueprinted source, but not an analysis or an interpretation. To this extent, the title by using the word "history" makes a claim which is scarcely substantiated by modern standards of historical evaluation.

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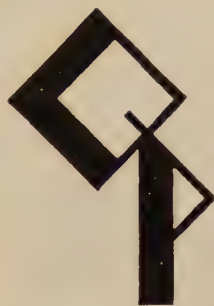
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One feels the same lack of a critical outlook in Meredith's Brady compendium. Here, too, there is a wealth of data, though it may be that some of this is not as accurate as might be wished. Generally speaking, one misses the note of creative reinterpretation or revivification of the past. Yet since Brady made his collective pictorial record of a most dramatic and meaningful time in American life, we cannot in reading the book and its pictures escape the sense that this meaning must be clear in each image, visual or verbal. From the historical point of view, the book seems to lack scale, so that it is almost as if Brady made his masterly documents on a small stage, or a vacuum.

Yet with a medium like photography in which "real" elements are inextricably woven with formal and expressive, it is impossible to understand the significance of the actual expression unless it is stated clearly against the significance of the time-reality stage on which it has taken place.

What we need, aside from compilations which always can serve as sources, is a kind of critical history which revalues the subject matter of life-experience in terms of the enduring art record in which it has been preserved. This goes for the fine arts as well as photography, though the need seems more crying for the latter medium because of its very surface illusion of reality.

—ELIZABETH McCausland.

Painting in the U. S. A. By Alan D. Gruskin. Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday & Company, 1946. 223 pp. 142 ill., 63 in color, by 125 contemporary artists. Bibliography. List of exhibitions. \$7.50.

Published late last year, this volume was a forerunner of the Midtown Gallery's fifteenth anniversary, whose director, Alan D. Gruskin, has produced a handsomely illustrated, interesting volume, which while it concerns itself chiefly with the contemporary scene, does also flash back to earlier days for some light on the American art scene of today.

One notes that this is a kind of pioneer publication, being (to the writer's knowledge) one of the first works of American art history to come from a dealer. We have studies aplenty from critics, historians, museum personnel, collectors, laymen and artists. But dealers have by and large turned their talents to the activities of what some call the Art Rialto. It is worthwhile to note, therefore, what issues concern a dealer who like every one else in the art world is faced with the dilemma of culture.

These include changing taste, patronage, museum programs for the purchase of art, the dead hand of bequests which freeze endowments, proposals to use more artists in schools and colleges, nostalgic backward glances at Bingham and the early Republic, an occasional sardonic side glance at the pomp and panoply of openings complete with cocktails and *hors d'oeuvres*, and a variety of related interests. What this adds up to, aside from the value of the illustrations for reference, is a sincere dealer's credo of fair dealing, plus genuine enthusiasm for art itself.

This makes the book especially interesting, because it is one more proof that the traditional antagonisms of the art scene need not persist. Ultimately the economic interests of both dealers and artists will be better served if the two parties get together. Gruskin's approach suggests that there is no vast gulf to be bridged.

—ELIZABETH McCausland.

Theodore Robinson, 1852-1896. By John I. H. Baur. Brooklyn, N. Y., Brooklyn Museum, 1946. 95 pp. Frontispiece. 9 figs. 37 ill. Chronology. \$1.50.

To the slowly growing list of monographs on America's artists now may be added John Baur's thoughtful and carefully documented study of the native impressionist, Theodore Robinson. Published as the catalogue of the retrospective exhibition held at the Brooklyn Museum last fall, this study stresses the truth which recurs whenever another "lost" figure of American art is rediscovered, namely, that the stature of these forgotten men is greater than we have been led to believe. The unfortunate neglect of our own cultural tradition which has enveloped both art teaching and art practice has often made it seem that 19th century American painting was a deserted land. On the contrary, it was well populated and rich in talent.

Among the contemporary pioneers busily at work bringing this truth home, Baur takes a leading part. As usual, he has written a thorough and intelligent re-creation of the personality and achievement of his subject. It is interesting to note how in this period, the crepuscule crept into the American mood and a half-light seemed to lie over the scene. The lusty genre spirit of Mount's golden day had paled in the post-Civil War "smog" of corruption pouring from the chimneys of U. S. Steel and the like. Homestead and Pullman were making the American land a home unpalatable to the gentle soul. So the American impressionists sought in light and its manipulation another kind of beauty than the traditional realism.

This came out especially vividly in the Robinsons exhibited; and one cannot help wishing, rather greedily, that every exhibition of rediscovery could be recorded by a publication in which every work shown is also reproduced. That is certainly utopian; and all of us who have a sincere concern for American art should thank our bibliographies that there are John Baur and his like at work.

—ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND.

Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania. By Frances Lichten. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1946. XIV, 276 pp. 32 pp. of illustrations in six colors, 389 illustrations from photographs and drawings. \$10.00.

The native folk arts are surely a wilderness for the student of American art, because being arts of the people, they were usually esteemed of little account and were little prized. Records, documents, factual data are fragmentary and scattered; and for the most part we must go to the internal evidence of art objects for our knowledge of these fascinating culture remains of the American past.

Fortunately, certain regions like "Pennsylvania Dutch" or the Southwest or the rapidly vanishing Shaker colonies have a concentrated inheritance which offers fewer handicaps to the historian. Fortunately, too, the author of this handsome, richly illustrated volume worked close to the most important source of American folk art knowledge, the Federal Art Project Index of American Design, for which she served as Pennsylvania State Supervisor.

Thus this useful sourcebook of information about one chapter of the native story of folk art is enlivened by anecdote and human episode, as well as by the quaintness of the designs themselves and the colorfulness of the characteristic palette. It would be a hardy soul who would argue that the "imported" styles of this region underwent no strange sea-change in the new world of Penn's state. Yet what the "American-ness" of this expression is it would be hard to say, unless all the documents were before the student. So such books possess a double usefulness, their immediate pleasurable impact and their ultimate integration into the overall portrait of American life and art.

—ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND.

Modern Art Looks Ahead. By Fernando Puma. Beechhurst Press, New York, 1947. 122 halftone plates and 5 plates in full color. \$5.

The problem of answering the questions of the intelligent layman about modern art is one tackled all too infrequently. Fernando Puma, in "Modern Art Looks Ahead," not only attempts to answer such questions but employs the disarming technique of arranging his text in a question and answer series so that the layman, identifying himself with Puma's interrogator, feels himself taking an active part in a discussion held for his benefit. The method is excellent; it is by speaking to the layman in his own language, and not in an esoteric terminology for experts only, that expressionism, surrealism, and abstraction can be made intelligible to him. However, Mr. Puma's answers, particularly regarding specific artists, might be more convincing if stated in a fairly factual way that gives evidence of an objective judgment rather than in an impassioned denunciation of certain artists and an arbitrary crowning of others with "the best in show" titles.

An author is entitled, perhaps, to use words according to his own stated definition. Mr. Puma includes such men as Hofmann, Tobey, and Hayter under the term "surrealist," and distinguishes

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them from the "naturalistic" surrealists by calling them "automatic surrealists." Aside from questioning the use of the term "automatic" to describe painters whose work, in some cases at least, is admittedly far from it, one wonders if the author has not extended the concept of surrealism beyond its commonly accepted boundaries in a way which may force the very people he wished to enlighten into further darkness.

Enlightenment does come, however, in a final chapter which explains, though incompletely and with some bias, the position of the artist in this country, his behavior and his dilemma, a situation about which the public so badly wants to know.

—MARY C. RATHBUN.

Art in Modern Ballet. By George Amberg. Pantheon Press, New York. \$15.

The problem faced by the writers of that vast class of books with titles like "Art and Venerly" or "Art in Boxing" has always been what to say about the art, once their own special fields have been dealt with. Dr. Amberg, a specialist in the ballet, has solved the problem in his own way by ignoring it. He says nothing about the art, except in four paragraphs which deal with stage design in general.

The book falls into three curiously disconnected sections of text, catalogue, and plates. The text gives a history of the ballet from the time of Diaghilev to the present. Despite its brevity it is salted with a high number of apt quotations from such thinkers as John Dewey. Dr. Amberg is incorrigibly high-minded and manages to treat his familiar material with language worthy of an introduction to thermodynamics. Like Cennino Cennini, mourning the then recent death of Giotto, Dr. Amberg feels the modern ballet has been in a state of chronic decadence since the death of Diaghilev.

The second section of the book is evidently closest to the author's heart, and may prove to be the most valuable. It is an alphabetical listing of many of the ballets produced since 1909. It includes relevant dates and information, and is presented as the beginnings of a more complete and accurate *catalogue raisonné*. Praiseworthy, as the attempt is, one wonders why it does not proceed in the chronological order of the text.

The last section of the book consists of 202 black and white and eight colored plates reproducing drawings connected with the staging of ballets. They are in neither chronological nor alphabetical order. In fact, this reviewer can discover no order in the plates other than that those of any one artist are generally together. The plates are not referred to in text or catalogue, and therefore have the same general use as a scrapbook. The choice of drawings seems to be determined by the reputation of the designers as painters. While it is true that such contemporary designers as Smith, Jones, and Hurry are given quite adequate display, Bakst and Benois get but one plate apiece.

The interesting problem of the transformation that occurs between the drawing board and the stage execution is disregarded. It would have been good to see photographs of the end products side by side with the initial drawings.

The art-historical problem of the reasons why drawings for the ballet have become, in our time, almost a separate stylistic genre like Greek vase drawing, is suggested by the book, but not by Dr. Amberg. The book, in brief, is an argument for the use of art historians in the production of books on art.

—STANLEY MELTZOFF.

France Lives. Edited by Librairie Plon, Paris. Hyperion Press, Paris, 1946. 120 pp. \$5.

These hundred folio pages of reproductions and comments give as fair an impression of artistic doings in postwar France as one can hope to get. A score of topics, both geographical and abstract, are treated by the method of summary and sampling to show not only that "France lives" but that "France creates." As usual, the most persuasive instances come from the plastic arts. The names of Auguste Perret, Le Corbusier, Villon, Braque, Matisse, and Dufy are there to prove that the older generation continued to produce during the years of defeat and occupation. New names in tapestry and furniture design, in fashions and book illustration

also give evidence of an impressive continuity. Continuity deserves to be stressed, for the inspiring forms and the sought-for effects of the works represented still belong to the imaginative outburst which ushered in the century now nearing its midpoint.

Poetry, drama, and prose fiction seem—or sound—less interesting, in part, no doubt, because they are harder to assess at second hand. Except for Max Jacob's, the few poems reprinted in this sampler hardly justify the space. As for the various articles introducing each branch of the arts, they are so absurdly translated into unidiomatic, perfumery English that it is unfair to judge the originals. In some cases, as in Jacques Lenormand's essay on the theatre, this is a great pity. In others, one can only feel that propaganda in any language and for any cause, however worthy, is an offense and a waste of materials. The present *recueil* can be justified solely by its appeal to the eye.

—JACQUES BARZUN.

LETTERS

SIR:

I have just come across G. E. Kidder Smith's article in the November, 1945, issue, "The Tragedy of American Architecture." Mr. Smith is definitely not kidding in his delightful satire on the crop of monstrosities democratic America annually fathers. With his able analysis to spike our indifference and spur us on to dissatisfaction, what would you recommend as the next step for an aroused citizen to take on the operations level?

I know Cleveland has a City Planning Commission which has developed some pretty good plans on paper. But I wouldn't say they exactly overcome Mr. Smith's objections. How are we going to get the taxpayers to pay for buildings they don't like and what's more, how are you going to get them to like what they should? I wish there were something I could do.

—ELFRIEDA DAIBER.

CASTLE CAMPS, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND

SIR:

This is a longish time after, I'm afraid, but I would like to tell you how gratifying it was to read Mr. Thwaites' "London Letter" in [your] December 1946 issue on the American Show at the Tate Gallery. His anger and dismay were every bit justified. Certainly there was an opportunity just about completely muffed. And the worst of it is that such good chances so very rarely happen.

It may be that I have had a narrow field to judge from, as I've only met about a dozen people who saw the show (only one an artist), but surprise and disappointment was the same in each. They would ask: "Why so many Cassatts and Homers?" followed by: "Surely two or three would have been enough?" Again: "Why was the contemporary work so badly cramped and hung?" and "What *was* it that the American soldiers were talking about?"

A guard told me that more space had been expected, but that scarcely seems to explain the lack of balance in selection, nor yet the curiously provincial presentation.

It's a great shame, particularly as people apparently did want to see and know. And what they got was boredom, right from the moment when they first glanced at that disgracefully produced catalogue, clear through to that final woeful "jammed auction-room." How whoever hung them in there must hate paintings!

—CHARLES HOWARD.

SIR:

The Walker Art Center is assembling material for a comprehensive guide to modern building in the north central states (Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, and South Dakota). Publication is planned for 1948.

I would appreciate receiving information from your readers on any modern building—residential, industrial, commercial and civic—in this 7-state area. Needless to say, we are including the work of the pioneers: Sullivan, Wright, Elmslie, Purcell, and others of the Chicago school.

—WILLIAM M. FRIEDMAN.

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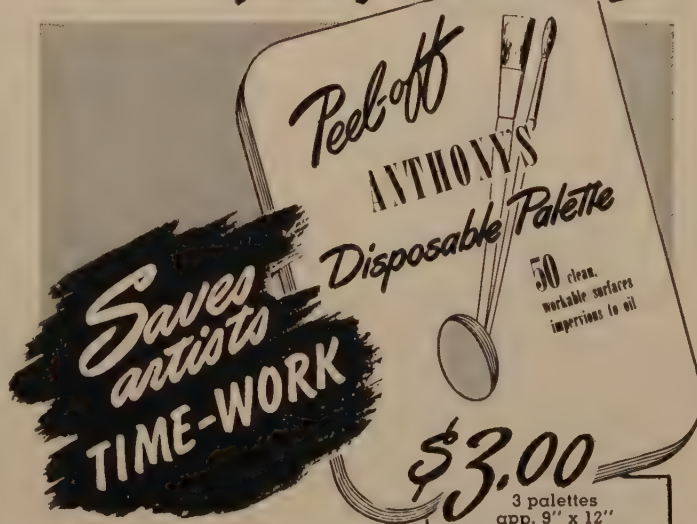
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OCTOBER EXHIBITIONS THROUGHOUT AMERICA

All information is supplied by exhibitors in
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closing dates unless otherwise specified.

ALBANY, N. Y. Albany Institute of History and Art, Oct. 6: Oil. 1940-1945. Oct. 1-22: Mod. Decorative Textiles and Pottery. Oct. 1-14: Betty Warren Jones, One-Man Show. Oct. 15-28: Erwin H. Austin, One-Man Show. Oct. 29-Nov. 16: Michael Csaja, One-Man Show.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. Museum of Art, University of Michigan, Oct. 19: Mod. Handmade Jewelry (MOMA). Oct. 7-26: Competition for Printed Fabrics (MOMA). Oct. 12-30: Fine Arts Under Fire (Life Mag.)

ATHENS, OHIO. Ohio University Gallery, Oct. 13: 25 Years of Commercial Art. Oct. 13-Nov. 1: Scenes in S. E. Ohio by Students.

BALTIMORE, MD. Baltimore Museum of Art, Oct. 12: La Tausca Art Exhib. 1947 (AFA). Oct. 31: 6 Centuries of Fine Prints. Oct. 19-Nov. 16: Good Design is Your Business (AFA). Oct. 19-Nov. 16: Reproductions of Far Eastern Textiles. Oct. 3-Nov. 2: On Being a Cartoonist. Walters Art Gallery, Oct. 25-Nov. 23: English Drawings and Prints from the XVII Cent. to the Present.

BELMAR, N. J. Society of Fine Arts, Oct. 31: William Fisher, One-Man Show.

BELOIT, WIS. Beloit College, Oct. 26-Nov. 16: Fifty Books of the Year, 1947 (AIGA).

BETHLEHEM, PA. Lehigh University Art Gallery, Oct. 12: Joe Jones, Oils, W'cols, Drawings. Oct. 16-Nov. 9: Lehigh Art Alliance Ann.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Public Library Art Gallery, Oct. 1-31: Birmingham Art Club, Non Jury Show.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Museum of Fine Arts, Oct.: Oils, Sea Scapes by Alphonse Shelton.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH. Museum of the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Oct. 5: Woodcuts by Anne Ryan. Oct. 10-Nov. 11: Prints by Walt Kuhn.

BLOOMINGTON, IND. Art Center, Indiana University, Oct. 25: Faculty Show.

BOSTON, MASS. Doll and Richards, Oct. 4: W'cols by Elias Newman. Oct. 6-28: W'cols by L. Girard Paine. Oct. 20-Nov. 1: W'cols by Charles Hopkinson.

Institute of Modern Art, Nov. 2: Retrospective Memorial Exhib. of the Works of Marsden Hartley, Russell Cheney and Carl Gordon Cutler.

Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 19: Chinese Ceramics. Oct. 30-Jan. 4: Social and Political Satires, Prints and Drawings by Rowlandson and Gillray. Oct. 16-Nov. 16: A Memorial Exhib. of the Work of Alexander James.

Print Department, Public Library, Oct. 1-31: Exhib. of French Prints.

Vose Galleries, Oct. 6-25: Prints by the late Ralph Gray. Oct. 27-Nov. 15: Early English Landscapes.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Albright Art Gallery, Oct. 3-31: Vreelandt Lyman, Memorial Show. Oct. 10-30: Social Life in New York State in the '80s. Oct. 12-Nov. 2: Significant War Scenes (AFA).

CARMEL, CALIF. Carmel Art Association Gallery, Oct. 15: Etchings. Oct. 1-Dec. 1: Portraits. Oct. 15-Dec. 15: Oils and W'cols. Oct.-Jan. Sculpt.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. Museum of the University of Virginia, Oct. 1-28: "Fact and Fantasy, 1947."

CHICAGO, ILL. Art Institute of Chicago, Oct. 26: Moholy Nagy Memorial Exhib. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Two Cities, Architectural Plans and Photos.

Chicago Galleries Association, Oct.: Oils and W'cols by Marie E. Blanke, Arnold Turtle and Joseph P. Nash.

Club Woman's Bureau, Mandel Brothers, Oct.: Oils, W'cols and Graphic Arts by Members of the South Side Art Assn. W'cols by Steven Dodson.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. Taft Museum, Oct. 5: Exhib. of Garden Photos.

CLAREMONT, CALIF. Pomona College Gallery, Oct. 15: Dutch 17th Cent. Prints. "I Remember That," Oct. 15-25: European Travel Posters. Oct. 15-31: Emil Zettler, Sculpt.

CLEARWATER, FLA. Art Museum, Oct. 15: Permanent Coll. Oct. 15-Nov. 1: Life's Medieval Age.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. The Higbee Book Shop, Oct. 1-14: Fifty Books of the Year, 1947 (AFA).

Cleveland Museum of Art, Oct. 19: Memorial Exhib., Work by Alice Ayars, Sandor Vago and Ora Colman. Oct. 1-Nov. 30: Textures in Art. Oct. 1-31: Drawings by Special Classes.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO. Fine Arts Center, Nov. 1: Pre-Columbian Art of Western Mexico. Oct. 12: Prints by Jean Charlot. Oct. 12-Nov. 9: Prints by Adolf Dehn. Oct. 20-Nov. 20: Architecture of George Fred Keck. Oct. 15-Nov. 30: Stewart Coll. of Audubon Prints.

COLUMBUS, OHIO. Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, Oct. 2-Nov. 15: The Colonial Americas.

CONCORD, N. H. New Hampshire State Library, Oct.: Exhib. of Oil Prints by Grace Bliss Stewart.

CORTLAND, N. Y. Cortland Free Library, Oct. 1-31: Exhib. of Oil Prints by Grace Bliss Stewart.

CULVER, IND. Culver Military Academy, Oct. 6: Mod. Rooms of the Past 50 Years. Oct. 6-31: A New Amer. Architecture.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO. Cuyahoga Falls Art Center, Oct. 7-28: Fall Show.

DALLAS, TEX. Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 4-Nov. 23: Old Masters from the Metropolitan. Oct. 4-Nov. 16: Society of Illustrators Exhib. Oct. 4-26: Frank Lloyd Wright Drawings for a Dallas Hotel.

DAYTON, OHIO. Dayton Art Institute, Oct. 7-Nov. 3: Local Artists Exhib.

DENVER, COLO. Denver Art Museum, Oct. 12: Old and Modern Masters. Oct. 17-Nov. 17: The Encyclopedia Britannica Coll. of Contemp. Amer. Prints.

DETROIT, MICH. Detroit Institute of Arts, Oct. 19: Prints by Max Beckmann. Oct. 26: Masterpieces of Chinese Ceramics, Little Show: Prints by Giorgio di Chirico. Oct. 15-31: Work of Public School Children. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Life Magazine Photos. Oct. 24-Nov. 25: Type Designs by Frederic Goudy.

ELMIRA, N. Y. Arnot Art Gallery, Oct. 5-26: The Illustrated Oxford Almanacks (AFA).

ESSEX FELLS, N. J. James R. Marsh Gallery, Oct. 15: Silversmith Tools. Drawings. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Wood Engravings. Early Amer. Lighting.

EVANSVILLE, IND. The Evansville Public Museum, Oct. 18-Nov. 2: 9th Ann. Photographic Salon.

FLINT, MICH. Flint Institute of Arts, Oct. 12: Prints and Drawings by Rodolphe LaRiviere. Oct. 16-Nov. 2: Works by Students of Flint Institute of Arts.

HAGERSTOWN, MD. Washington County Museum of Fine Arts, Nov. 2: The Indians and the West.

HARTFORD, CONN. Wadsworth Atheneum, Oct. 4-20: Conn. W'col. Soc. Exhib.

HOUSTON, TEX. Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Dec. 28: Thorne Miniature Rooms. Oct. 5-19: 22nd Ann. Photog. Salon. Ceramics—Dalsell Hatfield Gallery. Oct. 26-Nov. 16: 9th Ann. Texas General.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. Art Association of Indianapolis, The John Herron Art Institute, Oct. 5-Nov. 9: Four Centuries of Chinese Ptg. Early Chinese Porcelains, Sung Dynasty.

KANSAS CITY, MO. Kansas City Art Institute, Oct. 26: 3: Drawings from Whitney Museum. Prints by Miron Sokolov. Drawings by Ross Braught.

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KINGSTON, R. I. Rhode Island State College, Oct. 1: Local Drawings by Mr. J. L. Cain. Oct. 1-15: Penna. Dutch Objects. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Indian Objects (MOMA). Oct. 15-Nov. 1: Chinese and Japanese Objects and Textiles.

LAWRENCE, KANS. Museum of Art, University of Kansas, Oct. 15: The Medieval World. Oct. 1-29: Prints by Charles Smith.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Dalsell Hatfield Galleries, Oct. 15: Oils by Russell Cowles, Sueo Serisawa, Richard Haines and Millard Sheets. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Ceramics by Gertrud and Otto Natzler, Jean Goodwin Ames, Glen Lukens, Martha Longenecker and Myrton Purkiss.

James Vigeveno Galleries, Oct. 5-Nov. 12: 7th Anniversary Exhib. Prints by Maurice Utrillo.

Los Angeles Public Library, Oct. 5-26: John Brown Series by Jacob Lawrence (AFA).

LOUISVILLE, KY. J. B. Speed Art Museum, Oct. 1-Nov. 2: Creative Art of the Cleveland Art School. Oct. 1-22: Recent Lithographs by Picasso.

Art Center Association, Oct. 11: Faculty Show. Oct. 13-Nov. 7: Kubieck.

MANCHESTER, N. H. Currier Gallery of Art, Oct. 13: Leaders in Photog.: Walker Evans. Oct. 1-22: Amer. History on Cotton. Oct. 1-28: Walter Griffin, Pastels. Oct. 8-31: 8th Syracuse Watercolorists. Oct. 15-Nov. 12: Age of Enlightenment.

MASSILLON, OHIO. Massillon Museum, Oct. 10: Sculpture by John Rodd. Oct. 1-25: W'cols by Phoebe F. Walker. Oct. 1-27: Lithographs by Daumier, St. Etienne Coll.

MEMPHIS, TENN. Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Oct. 3-27: Contemp. W'cols. Original Prints.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. Milwaukee Art Institute, Oct. 10-Nov. 30: Hildegarde Szenko Coll. Oct. 3: W'cols in the Western Hemisphere. Oct. 2-Nov. 11: 6 State Sculpt. Exhib.

Chapman Memorial Library, Milwaukee-Downer College, Oct. 12-Nov. 2: The Illustrated Oxford Almanacks (AFA).
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. The University Gallery, University of Minnesota, Oct. 24: Meet Your Arts Faculty. Oct. 12-Nov. 2: War's Toll of Italian Art (AFA).
 Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Oct. 1-31: The City of Venice (LIFE Mag.). Ptg. by Bernard Arnest. Oct. 11-Nov. 30: Paul Revere and His Time.
 Walker Art Center, Nov. 2: Drwgs by William Bushman. Oct. 19: 13 Marins. Nov. 6: Designs for Idea Houses IV Through IX. Oct. 26-Nov. 16: La Tausca Art Exhib. (AFA).
MONTCLAIR, N. J. Montclair Art Museum, Oct. 3-26: Five Women in Art.
MUSKEGON, MICH. Hackley Art Gallery, Oct. 5-26: 26th Ann. Nat'l Exhib. of Advertising and Editorial Art (AFA).
NEWARK, N. J. Newark Museum, Oct.-Nov. 1: Exhib. of Early Amer. Portraits.
 Robin and Krueger Gallery, Oct. 15: Ptg. by Murray Kusunabu. Oct. 15-Nov. 5: Group Exhib.
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. Rutgers University, Oct. 1-30: Blake.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Isaac Delgado Museum, Oct. 3-28: Art Assn. No-Jury of Selection Exhib. Oct. 5-26: War's Toll of Italian Art (AFA). Oct. 16: Mr. Harnett Kane "Natchez" Lecture.
NEW YORK, N. Y. A.C.A., 61-63 E. 57, Oct. 4: Claire Mahl, Ptg. Oct. 13-Nov. 1: Abram Tromka, Pastels and Gouaches. Oct. 20-Nov. 8: Martyl, Ptg.
 Acquavella, 38 E. 57, Oct. 1-30: Selected Ptg. by Old Masters.
 Alonzo, 58 W. 57, Oct. 6-19: Group Exhib. Oct. 20-Nov. 2: Oils and W'cols.
 American British Art Center, Inc. 44 W. 56, Oct. 13-25: Ptg. by Mudgett. Oct. 20-Nov. 1: Designs by Henry Moore, J. Piper, Matisse, Braque, etc. Oct. 26-Nov. 8: Ptg. by Brandwen.
 Babcock, 38 E. 57, Oct. 1-26: Ptg. by 19th and 20th Cent. Amer. Artists. Oct. 27-Nov. 15: Ptg. by Edward Rosenfeld.
 Barbizon-Plaza, 101 W. 58, Oct. 1-31: Odez Bourla.

George Binet, 67 E. 57, Oct. 4: Frances Brooks Zarian, Oils, Drwgs, Gouaches. Oct. 6-25: Vincent D. Hartgen, W'cols. Oct. 27-Nov. 15: Stefano Cusumano, Recent Oil Ptg.
 Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, Nov. 16: Know Your United Nations. Clothing One World—An Anatomy of Fashion. Oct. 25: Photos by Frank Meister. Oct. 7-Nov. 16: Collocuts—New Graphic Work by Boris Margo.
 Buchholz, 32 E. 57, Oct. 11: Henri Laurens, Sculp., Drwgs, Prints. Oct. 15-Nov. 8: Picasso, Lithographs, 1945-47.
 Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57, Oct. 10: Pre-Season Group Exhib. Oct. 6-24: Ptg. by Stuart Cary Welch, Jr.
 Downtown, 43 E. 51, Oct. 25: New Ptg. by Progressive Amer. Artists.
 Durlacher, 11 E. 57, Oct. 25: Ptg. and Drwgs by Canyale Brown.
 Ward Eggleston, 161 W. 57, Oct. 11: Ptg. by Elizabeth Grasso. Oct. 6-18: Ptg. by Emily Lowe. Oct. 13-25: Ptg. by Margaret Yard Tyler. Oct. 20-Nov. 1: Ptg. by Carolyn McArthur.
 Farargil, 63 E. 57, Oct. 15: Early Amer. Art. Amer. Sculp-tors.
 The Garrett, 47 E. 12, Oct. 11-Dec.: Recent Work by Robert B. Rogers.
 Grolier Club, 47 E. 60, Oct. 10-Nov. 30: Amer Book-bindings.
 Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., Oct. 1-30: Washington Irving's New York and the Valley of the Hudson. Fine Prints, Old and Mod. Masters.
 Kleeman, 65 E. 57, Oct. 7-25: Ptg. by Carlos Prado. Oct. 18: Sculp. by Irene Hamar.
 Kootz, 15 E. 57, Oct.: Introduction to Two Modern French Painters, Bram and G. von Velde.
 Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57, Oct. 1-30: Old Masters and Modern French.
 Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St., Oct. 31: Exhib. of British Contemp. Ptg. Oct. 1-31: Medieval Life: The Creative Spirit of the Middle Ages. Oct. 10-Indef.: 19th Cent. Amer. Glass. Oct. 19-Indef.: E. Pluribus Unum: The New Nation. 1783.
 Milch, 55 E. 57, Oct.: Special Exhib. of Ptg. by Early and Contemp. Amer. Artists.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36, Nov. 30: Flowers of Ten Centuries.
 Morton, 117 W. 58, Oct. 1-12: W'cols by Lucille Hobbie.
 National Serigraph Society, 38 W. 57, Oct. 18: Serigraphs in Process. Oct. 20-Nov. 8: James H. McConnell, One-Man Show.
 Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Oct. 15: Loan Show of Contemp. Non-Objective Artists. Oct. 15-Indef.: Loan Show of Amer. Non-Objective Painters.
 Harry Shaw Newman, Oct. 1-31: Amer. 19th Cent. Ptg.
 New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12, Oct. 19: Group Show: Ptg., Prints, Drwgs and Photos.
 New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., Oct. 8-Mar. 14: Greater New York in the Making.
 Passedoit, 121 E. 57, Oct. 4: Ptg. by J. M. Hanson Oct. 7-Nov. 1: Ptg. by Amedee Ozenfant.
 Perls, 32 E. 58, Oct. 11: Recent Ptg. by John Masteller. Oct. 13-Nov. 8: 10th Anniversary Special Exhib.: Recent Ptg. by Camille Bombois.
 Rosenberg, 16 E. 57, Oct. 6-25: Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Golschmann's Private Coll.
 Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57, Oct. 11: "The Mod. House Comes to Life". Oct. 13-Nov. 1: Alfred Maurer.
 Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57, Oct. 6-25: "New York" Exhib. of Ptg. by Paul Meltner.
 Staten Island Museum, 75 Stuyvesant Place, Oct. 10: Exhib. of Ptg. from the Museum Coll. Oct. 12-Nov. 9: Ann. Exhib. by Members of Section of Art of the S. I. Institute.
 Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., Oct. 6-29: Ptg. by Esther Kasl and Frank Gebhart.
 Whitney Museum of Art, 10 W. 8, Oct. 12: Works from the Permanent Coll. Oct. 18-Nov. 30: Centenary Exhib. of the Work of Albert Pinkham Ryder.
 Willard, 32 E. 57, Oct. 7-Nov. 1: Portraits by Rudolph Ray.
NORFOLK, VA. Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences, Oct. 5-26: 19th Cent. Amer. Landscape Ptg. (MMA). Oct. 5-Nov. 12: Age of Enlightenment from LIFE Magazine. Oct. 12-Nov. 2: Art Corner, Oils by Members. Oct. 19-Nov. 2: Venice (LIFE Mag.).

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NORTHAMPTON, MASS. *Smith College Museum of Art*, Oct. 26: Smith College Permanent Coll. Oct. 23-Indef.: "Your College Room."

NORWICH, CONN. *Slater Memorial Museum*, Oct. 12-Nov. 2: Ptg. by Thomas Eakins.

OAKLAND, CALIF. *Oakland Art Gallery*, Oct. 5-Nov. 9: 15th Ann. Exhib. of W'cols, Pastels, Drwgs and Prints.

OLIVET, MICH. *Shipperd Hall, Olivet College*, Oct. 11-26: Amer. Indian Design for Pottery (AFA), Oct. 1-11: Textiles from Albion College.

OMAHA, NEB. *Society of Liberal Arts, Joslyn Memorial*, Oct. 20: 2nd Internat'l Salon of Photog. Oct. 1-26: W. A. Willmarth, W'col Solo. Oct. 19-Nov. 16: Art from the Omaha Public Schools.

OXFORD, OHIO. *Alumnae Hall, Western College*, Oct. 1-21: Pictures Up to \$100 (AFA).

OXFORD, MISS. *Mary Buie Museum*, Oct. 3: Memorial Exhib., Oils by the Late Maurice Braun. Oct. 3-31: Oils by W. Herbert Armstrong.

PASADENA, CALIF. *Pasadena Art Institute*, Oct. 27th Ann. Exhib., California W'col Society. African Art. Japanese Prints. Sculpt. by Nishan Toor. History of Prints. W'cols by Leslie William Lee. Selections from the Permanent Coll. of the Art Institute.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts*, Oct. 13: W'cols by John W. McCoy, Oct. 13-26: The Gimbel-Pennsylvania Art Coll. Oils by Paul Froelich. *Philadelphia Art Alliance*, Oct. 4: Ptg. by Members of the Art Teachers Assn. of Phila. Oct. 7-Nov. 16: Curtis Art Exhib.

Print Club, Oct. 10: Prints by Imre Reiner. Oct. 3-17: Prints by Josef Albers. Oct. 17-31: Drwgs and Prints by Miro. Oct. 24-Nov. 7: Prints by Landeck, Nason and Wengenroth.

PITTSBURGH, PA. *Carnegie Institute, Department of Fine Arts*, Oct. 9-Dec. 7: Ptg. in the United States, 1947. Oct. 9-Dec. 28: Exhib. of Current Amer. Prints.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. *Berkshire Museum*, Oct. 1-31: W'cols by Nat'l Assn. of Women Artists. Inc. Photos by E. F. Reynolds of the Photographic Soc. of Amer.

PORTLAND, ME. *Sweet Memorial Art Museum*, Oct. 5-19: W'cols by a Portland W'col Group.

PORTLAND, ORE. *Portland Art Museum*, Oct. 15: 11th Nat'l Ceramic Exhib. Oct. 8-Nov. 2: Lionel Feininger Exhib. Oct. 17-Nov. 12: Amer. Institute of Architects, Exhib. of Local Work. Oct. 12-Nov. 2: Brooklyn Print Ann.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Rhode Island School of Design Museum*, Nov. 2: 19th and 20th Cent. Amer. Ptg. from the R.I.S.D. Coll. Nov. 17: Old Masters from the R.I.S.D. Coll. Oct. 8: Prints, New Accessions. Nov. 17: French Ptg. in the R.I.S.D. Coll. Oct. 15-Dec. 7: Portrait of an Artist, Ptg. and Jewelry by Florence Koehler.

Providence Art Club, Oct. 7-19: Black and White Show. Oct. 21-Nov. 2: Helen Wilson Sherman.

RACINE, WIS. *Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts*, Oct.: Drwgs, Art Staff, University of Nebraska. W'cols by Earl Gessert.

RALEIGH, N. C. *State Art Gallery, State Library Building*, Oct. 20: Student Architects' Show. Oct. 21-Nov. 10: Raleigh Camera Club Ann.

READING, PA. *Public Museum and Art Gallery*, Oct. 12: Memorial Exhib. of the Work of Alexandre Iacovleff.

RICHMOND, IND. *Art Association of Richmond*, Oct. 5-26: Ptg. from the 1947 Corcoran Biennial (AFA).

RICHMOND, VA. *Virginia Museum of Fine Arts*, Oct. 12: Portrait Panorama. Oct. 12-Nov. 2: War's Toll of Italian Art (AFA).

ROCHESTER, MINN. *Rochester Art Center*, Oct. 15: Regional Sculpt. Show. Oct. 19-Nov. 19: Abbot Ptg Show.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. *Memorial Art Gallery*, Oct. 3-Nov. 2: 1st Ann. Amer. Institute of Decorators Award, "Artists Look Like This."

Rundel Gallery, Rochester Public Library, Oct. 2-31: 65th Ann. Exhib. of the Rochester Art Club.

ROCKFORD, ILL. *Rockford Art Association*, Oct. 5: One-Man Show by Daniel O'Brien. Local Student's Show. Sterling Spoons. Wooden Gravure.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. *E. B. Crocker Art Gallery*, Oct. 1-31: W'cols by Daniel M. Mendelowitz. W'cols and Temperas by Marjorie Warner Vasey. Prints from the San Francisco Museum of Art. Root Sculpt., Cornelia Prins Chase. Ptg. and Drwgs by Old Masters.

ST. PAUL, MINN. *St. Paul Gallery and School of Art*, Oct. 5-26: Portraits of Outstanding Americans of Negro Origin. Selected Works by Contemp Amer. Negro and White Artists.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX. *Witte Memorial Museum*, Oct. 12-16: Ptg. Drwgs, Lithographs by Boardman Robinson.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. *San Francisco Museum of Art*, Oct. 8-Nov. 2: Society of Industrial Designers. Oct. 8-Nov. 9: Mod. Art in Advertising. Oct. 5-Indef.: Recent Bay Region Ptg.

SANTA FE, N. M. *Museum of New Mexico*, Oct. 1-31: Open Door Shows of New Mexico Painters. Exhib. of Southwestern Indian Artists. Oct. 16-31: Joint Show of June and Arthur Allen.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. *Hathorn Studio, Skidmore College*, Oct. 2-22: Creative Design and the Consumer (AFA).

SEATTLE, WASH. *Henry Gallery, University of Washington*, Oct. 1-Nov. 1: Nat'l Serigraph Soc., James Prestini, Wooden Ware. Medieval Art.

Seattle Art Museum, Oct. 2-Nov. 2: 33rd Ann. Exhib. of Northwest Artists. Northwest Printmakers Purchase Prize Prints.

SEWANE, TENN. *Art Gallery, University of the South*, Oct. 22-Nov. 6: Artists of the Sewanee Area.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS. *Friends of Art, Mount Holyoke College*, Oct. 11-26: Ptg. from the Collections of James Thrall Soby and Roy E. Neuberger.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL. *Illinois State Museum*, Oct.: Daniel Frost Coll. Indian Trade Beads. Oct. 1-30: Upjohn Coll. of Oils.

Springfield Art Association, Oct. 3: Ptg. by Tom Cavanaugh. Oct. 3-Nov. 3: Fitzpatrick Cartoons.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. *Springfield Museum of Fine Arts*, Oct. 5-Nov. 2: 2nd Ann. Regional Ptg Exhib. Oct. 1-31: Preparatory Studies for the Museum's Mural by Sante Graziani. Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Renaissance Venice Exhib. Oct. 1-31: Mod. European and Amer. Glass. Coll. of Contemp. Amer. W'cols.

George Walter Vincent Smith Art Gallery, Oct. 4-Nov. 2: Kaethe Kollwitz. Oct. 5-26: Work of Donald Reichert, Adolph Aldrich, and James Apostle. Oct. 26-Nov. 16: Robert Maillart.

SPRINGFIELD, MO. *Springfield Art Museum*, Oct. 5: Semi-Antique Rugs from Asia Minor, Persia and the Caucasus. Oct. 15-30: The Age of Enlightenment.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIF. *Thomas Welton Stanford Art Gallery*, Oct. 19: Loan Portrait Show. Oct. 21-Nov. 16: Mod. Prints.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. *Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts*, Oct. 1-22: Ptg. by Maxim Kopf.

TOLEDO, OHIO. *The Toledo Museum of Art*, Oct. 5-26: The Ptg. of Le Nain, Houses, U. S. A. Oct.: Prints and Drwgs of Sir Muirhead Bone.

URBANA, ILL. *University of Illinois, College of Fine and Applied Arts*, Oct. 9-27: Photos of Louisiana Plantation Houses, Clarence John Laughlin. Exhib. of Ptg. by Sidney Rushakoff, Kinley Fellow. "Renaissance Venice" (Life Mag.).

UTICA, N. Y. *Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute*, Oct. 5-26: 10 Painters of the Pacific Northwest. Photos of the Pacific Northwest. Northwest Coast Indian Art. Prints by Charles Heaney. Photos of the Adirondacks by A. J. Cunningham.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Arts Club*, Oct. 10: Hans Alexander Mueller. Lester Stevens.

The Barnett Aden Gallery, Oct. 14: Exhib. of Ptg. Amer. Artists Group. Oct. 15-Nov. 30: 4th Anniversary, Exhibition of Ptg. by Charles White.

Corcoran Gallery of Art, Oct. 26: Sketches by Fritz Bley, Wehrmacht Artist. Oct. 3-26: Sculpt. of Ivan Mestrovic. Oct. 18-Indef.: Opening of Reinstallation of Amer. Ptg. in the Permanent Coll.

National Gallery of Art, Oct. Indef.: Indigenous Art of the Americas, The Robert Woods Bliss Coll. Chiaroscuro Woodcuts from the 16th through the 18th Centuries.

WICHITA, KANS. *Board of Park Commissioners*, Oct. 6: Wichita Pottery and Weavers Club. Oct. 31: Presentation of 1947 Acquisitions to Roland P. Murdock Coll. of Amer. Art. Oct. 17-Nov. 10: Oils by Kansas Artists.

Wichita Art Association, Oct. 1-18: Wichita Artists Guild. Oct. 18-Nov. 10: "A Dozen Kansas Artists."

WELLESLEY, MASS. *The Wellesley College Library*, Oct. 3-26: Fifty Books of the Year, 1947 (AIGA).

WESTFIELD, MASS. *Westfield Athenaeum*, Oct. 1-31: Airports.

WILMINGTON, DEL. *Society of Fine Arts, Delaware Art Center*, Oct. 5-26: Ptg. Owned by the Art Center.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. *Rudolph Galleries*, Oct. 1-31: Ann. Fall Exhib. of Contemp. Woodstock Artists.

WORCESTER, MASS. *Worcester Art Museum*, Oct. 1-31: Contemp. Swedish Decorative Arts.

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JEFFERSON NATIONAL EXPANSION MEMORIAL. An open architectural competition "to select an architect to be recommended to the Department of the Interior for ultimate employment as designer of the Jefferson Memorial." Open to all architects who are citizens of the United States of America. Jury, \$125,000 in prizes. For application blanks and further information write to George Howe, Professional Adviser, The Jefferson National Expansion Memorial Competition, Old Courthouse, 415½ Market Street, St. Louis 2, Missouri.

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AUDUBON ARTISTS, 6TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, December 11-29, 1947, in the National Academy Galleries, 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open to all artists. All media. Fee \$3.00. Jury, prizes. Entry cards due Nov. 26, entries Dec. 4. For information write to Room 3077, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

2ND PRINT BIENNIAL, Print Club of Albany, Albany, N. Y. New York. December 1-31, 1947. All print mediums. Open to all artists residing in the United States. Jury, prizes. No entry cards or fee. Works must be received by November 15, 1947. For further information write to Albany Institute of History and Art, 125 Washington Avenue, Albany 6, N. Y.

22ND ARIZONA ART EXHIBITION will be held at the Arizona State Fair November 7-16, 1947. Open to all living artists. Entry cards due October 24, exhibits due October 30, 1947. For further information and entry cards write to Alfred Knight, Chairman, Fine Arts Department, Arizona State Fair Commission, Phoenix, Arizona.

REGIONAL

13TH ANNUAL NEW YEAR EXHIBITION, Jan. 1-25, 1948. Butler Art Institute. Open to artists of Ohio, Pa., Ind., W. Va., Wash., D. C., Va., Mich. Former residents of the six states may also compete. Media: oil, watercolor, etc. Jury. Prizes. Work due Nov. 16-Dec. 7. For further information write secretary, Butler Art Institute, 524½ Wick Ave., Youngstown 2, Ohio.

FRIENDS OF AMERICAN ART, 2ND ANNUAL PRINT EXHIBITION. Open to all Michigan artists. Nov. 10-22, 1947. Entry blanks due Nov. 1, works Nov. 3. Jury and prizes. Entry fee 50¢. For blanks and information write to Print Exhibition, Grand Rapids Art Gallery, 230 E. Fulton St., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

12TH ANNUAL, THE MASSILLON MUSEUM, November 1-December 1, 1947. Open to present and former artist residents of Ohio. All media. No fee. Jury. Baldwin Purchase Award. Work due Oct. 25. Write Albert E. Hise, Curator, The Massillon Museum, Massillon, Ohio.

LOUISIANA ART COMMISSION SEAL CONTEST. Designs for seal must be original. Any person now resident in Louisiana, adult or child, is eligible to compete in contest. Closing date, October 31, 1947. Prizes. For further information write to Mr. Jay R. Broussard, Curator, Louisiana Art Commission, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge, La.

45TH ANNUAL PHILADELPHIA WATER COLOR AND PRINT EXHIBITION, November 9-December 14, 1947. This exhibition will be confined to original works in water colors, pastel, tempera, gouache, black and white drawings with pencil, crayon or pen and prints, by living artists of any nationality. Last day for receipt of exhibits—October 15, Jury. For entry cards write to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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